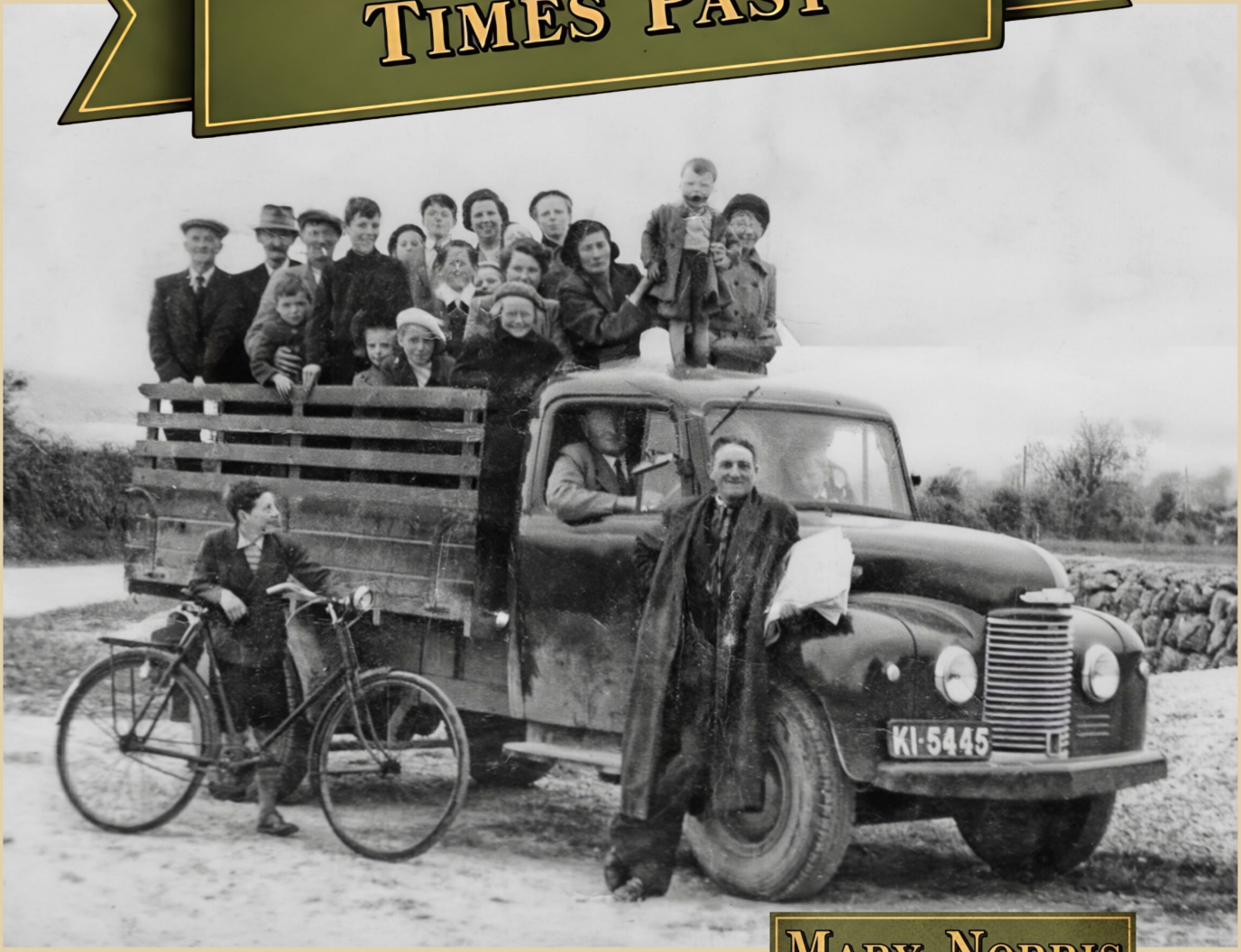
Ballinacourty Times Past



Mary Norris

Photo on Front Cover: See page 55

Ballinacourty Times Past

Mary Norris

Dedicated to all those, especially Mossie Norris, who settled in countries across the world but whose hearts are never too far from their native Ballinacourty

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Disclaimer

Due to the age of some pictures, or conditions in which they were stored, some photos are not as clear as others. I decided to include a selection of these photos as in their own way they too tell a story from that time. I received great support and advice from John Foley. He put in many hours repairing and improving the quality of photos. It was difficult to put a year on some of the pictures and so it was necessary to use an approximate decade. Additionally, while every effort has been made to include as many people and families from Ballinacourty as possible in this book, invariably someone may have been left out. Please note this was not intentional. The accuracy of the historical facts was also checked, but in some cases, there was only scant information available and records to consult. If you, the reader, have any updates or further information relative to the contents of this book, please email mlawless365@gmail.com

…. and whatever happens began in the past, and presses hard on the future.

T. S. Eliot

CONTENTS

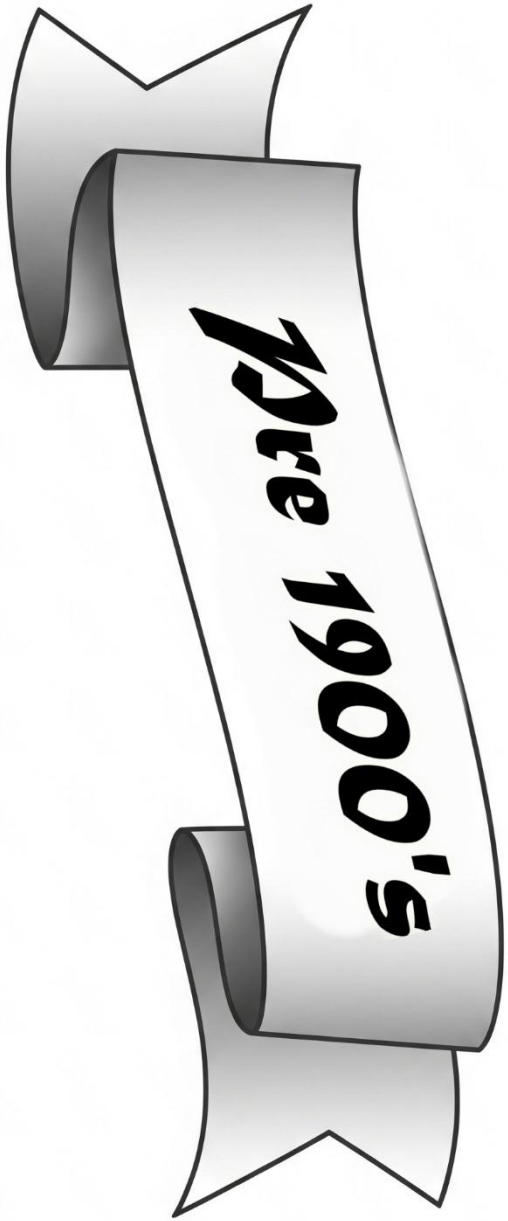
	Page
Introduction	1
Pre-1900's	2
1900-1920	10
1920's	17
1930's	21
1940's	25
1950's	36
1960's	60
1970's	73
Epilogue	88
Acknowledgements	89

Introduction

Welcome to a glimpse into what is now a Ballinacourty of Times Past. As a small peninsula and a rural townland area on the eastern side of Dungarvan Bay, Co. Waterford it has seen many changes since the late 1800's. However, what has always been integral to the area is its connection to the land and sea by those who farmed, walked and travelled its roads be that to school or work. It was a tight knit community with many family connections between those living there. The Waterford based playwright Jim Nolan once said that '*to tell the story of your own place is to tell the story of the world'.* This is Ballinacourty's story and the place it has in many people's hearts both at home and abroad.

Starting in the late 1900's this book will look at the Ballinacourty area mainly decade by decade. Each chapter starts with what was happening in the local area and nationally to explore its effect on the Ballinacourty community at that point in time. Then it will move on to look at the people who lived there. Sometimes this will be done though descriptions and verse. At other times, it will be more vividly described through stories and photos. The many beautiful black and white photos in particular tell narratives that no words could adequately describe. Overall, what you will see is a community who were close to the land and each other through good times and bad from the end of the 1800's right through to the end of 1970's. It is not a history book as such but the history of the day runs through its pages.

The Ballinacourty of 2025 is very different from that described throughout this book and ending it at the latter end of the 1970's seemed to be the right point of departure. It's now 45 years later and a good time to look back. Perhaps, not through rose tinted glasses but through the experience of some of those who lived there during that time.


Pre 1900's

Pre 1900's The Early Years

Looking at a map of the locality in the 1880's, it is obvious that Ballinacourty was a predominantly rural area. The fact that it consists of a little promontory of land jutting into the sea, makes it a place apart, somewhat isolated from many of the great movements and events of 19th century Ireland. All indications are that in addition to a small number of landowners, Ballinacourty was populated by a number of tenant farmers who lived in relative poverty and endured many a crisis throughout this period.

The pre-1900 era was a time of important construction and must have had an impact on the Ballinacourty area;

The opening of Devonshire Bridge in Dungarvan in 1816 would have facilitated at least some linkages with the town.

Wyse's Pier

The other major structural development was the construction of Wyse's Pier in 1832. Fishing from the pier is now only for pleasure but in the 19th century the pier was built to support and facilitate the local fishing boats. It was the property of T. Wyse, Esq, MP, and it was built partly by subscription and partly by a grant by the Fishery Board.

Lights were originally erected on 10th February 1876 by Waterford Steamship Company at Wyse's Point, Ballinacourty. These lights were used to guide ships past Ballinacourty and into Dungarvan. The original lamps were oil lamps and were lit manually every night. A brass plaque at Dungarvan Sailing Club marks their significance.

Lamplighters were employed in all major (and indeed minor) harbours to go out every evening and light the lamps. Sometimes local fishermen were tasked with this job. A pulley system was used to hoist these very large lights. It was approx. the late 1930's when Tom Hogan starting lighting the lamps up on the Golf Course. When he died his son-in-law Mossie Terry took over the job of lighting the red light. The last lamp was lit in 1988. For many years Willie Carey used to come in by boat to the pier and young Thomas Hogan would go with him out to guide the boats through the Channel up to the Quay.

A Wyse's Point Lamp now displayed on an external wall at Dungarvan Sailing Club

The Coastguard Station was originally built about 1845 and rebuilt in 1881 and the pier assumed the new role of being a supply route for the station.

The Lighthouse which had been constructed in 1858 remained a critical navigational aid, guiding ships safely into Dungarvan Harbour. Surrounded by a strong wall, the lighthouse at Ballinacourty became a landmark site since that time and one to which many Ballinacourty people think of fondly wherever they are in the world.

Later still in this era, on the 12th August 1878, the Lismore to Waterford railway was officially opened, linking the greater Dungarvan area to a wider world.

In 1884 the Gaelic Athletic Association (GAA) was founded. The School was built in 1885 providing an education for all the children in the immediate area.

Yet even with these developments, Ballinacourty was essentially a farming community with a network of small lanes joining the townlands. For the majority of people, the work and lifestyle was difficult. The changes came only very gradually where the rhythm of life revolved around the seasons and the local traditions.

Families of influence

Reviewing the old maps, Ballinacourty House was the only big house with an impressive garden; it was the home of the Longans who were Catholic landowners who had a long association with the area. Another important Catholic family was the Wyse family who had lived in Ballinacourty from the early 17th century. Although they later moved to Waterford, they retained the family estate in Ballinacourty and gave their name to both Wyse's Point and later to Wyse's pier.

The Famine and Disease

It is difficult to establish with any great accuracy the effects of 'The Great Famine' on the area. On the one hand a letter writer to the Cork Examiner in June 1847 asserts that 'there has not been for many years a more cheering prospect and that the potato crop in Ballinacourty never looked more promising and that farmers have informed me that there is not the least appearance of blight up to this time'. On the other hand, R.J. Christopher of Dungarvan reporting on evictions in 1848 noted that 'in Ballynalahessery, 200 have been thrown out and left to perish on the ditches'. It is possible that such evictions were politically motivated and that the tenants had voted against their landlord in the Parliamentary elections. The following year saw the spread of cholera in Dungarvan town and hinterland and in May 1849, Doctor Robert Longan was appointed to report on cholera cases and distribute medicine to people in the area 'Commencing at Kilminnin Bridge'

Declining population in Ballinacourty

The census returns tell their own story. In 1841 Ballinacourty had a population of 569, living in 94 dwellings. By 1851 this had dropped to 418 living in 76 dwellings. By 1870 all that remained was 59 houses. There is evidence of much emigration in the post famine era and the fate of some of these families is well documented in Eddie Cantwell's book 'The Way It Was'.

The Tragedy of the Moresby

Life at sea was not an easy one in the late 1800's. A very tragic story happened with the loss of the Moresby in Dungarvan Bay on Christmas Eve 1895. Ballinacourty lifeboat crew was called to assist. However, the ships Master, his wife and child and seventeen of her crew all perished in the tragedy. They were subsequently buried in St. Mary's Church of Ireland, Dungarvan. It was a tragic end to the 19th century, a dark shadow foreboding the many upheavals which were to take place in the opening years of the 1900's.

Overall, then, for Ballinacourty people the pre-1900 era was one of change in the immediate infrastructure around them. It was also marked by tragedy and disease. However, the biggest and most positive influence on their lives must have been the establishment of the school within their own community. The education of their children opened up new possibilities for their families with which they could better embrace the new century that was just around the corner.

The Lighthouse Keeper's Wife

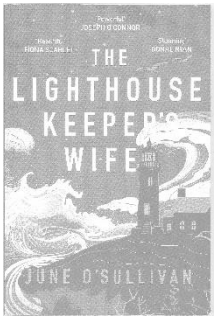
Life is hard in Ireland in 1867. Eliza Carthy moves with her lighthouse-keeper husband James and sons Peter and Joseph to the remote island of Skellig Michael. Eliza is proud of her husband and his promotion to Principal Keeper and is eager to support him in his work and fulfil her duty as a good wife and mother. However, life in this extreme location is challenging.

The island is 54 acres of jagged rock, jutting out of the Atlantic, with no way of communicating from or leaving the island. With no access to a boat, keepers must rely on a tender boat to deliver news, supplies and act as their conduit to life on the mainland. The island is exposed to extreme changes of weather and the landscape is fraught with danger.

When Assistant Keeper Edmund and his wife Ruth arrive, Eliza hopes for respite. But her new neighbours are not what she'd expected. They blow hot and cold, seemingly wanting Eliza and her family to leave Skellig Michael, making her question her sanity. Will Eliza be able to keep her family safe at the edge of the world? And can her marriage survive all that the island throws at them?

This book has many ties to Ballinacourty and the surrounding area. It has numerous mentions of Ballinacourty, Abbeyside and Dungarvan. The characters Eliza and her husband James are loosely based on Ballinacourty born Catherine Power, who in 1863 married lighthouse keeper William O'Callaghan. Their first two children, Patrick and William were born in Ballinacourty in 1864 and 1866 respectively. By 1867 they were living on Skellig Michael. It would appear that this was their first posting away from Ballinacourty.

Skellig Michael off the Kerry Coast was and still is an inhospitable place on which to live. Curious about information she found out during a visit there, the author was inspired to write this book. Speaking to the Irish Times 'My imagination took me to a scenario where this young mother, striving to keep her boys safe, was faced with the tragedy of being stranded here, without means of communication, without means of transport, unable to summon help or medicine if some accident or illness was to befall them'.



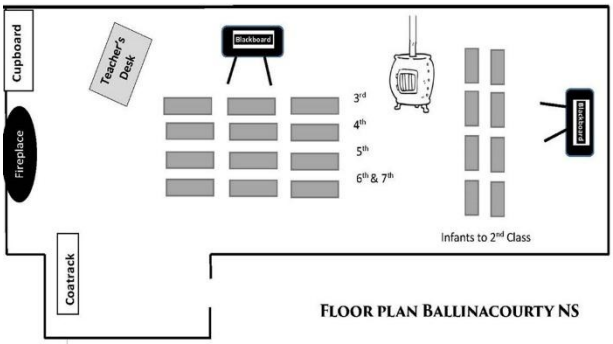
After reading this book you will be filled with admiration for Ballinacourty born Catherine Power and her husband William. Despite all the obstacles thrown at them in such an inhospitable place as Skellig Michael, they moved on afterwards to live and work in other lighthouses throughout Ireland.

("The Lighthouse Keeper's Wife" is an historical novel by June O'Sullivan. Published by Poolbeg Press 2025)

Ballinacourty National School

Much has been written about Ballinacourty NS (see Ballinacourty NS 1885 – 1969… 'The Memories Between Us'…). However, it would be remiss to omit such an icon of the local area from this publication. 'School Days in Abbeyside' noted that early schooling was undertaken in Ballinroad and so initially there were no educational opportunities in the immediate area until Ballinacourty NS was built just a few yards up the road from Wyse's pier. It was located on a site donated by Mrs. Stephenson, who lived a short distance away. In 1884, the crops having been saved, work began on the building with dozens of locals gave a hand in transporting the stone. The building was completed in 1886 and is reputed to have been built by stonemason Larry Doran (Wexford) who had a connection to the Elsted family.

The school was an OPW functional design where one room was a standard feature. At the time the building's slate roof and chimney probably dominated the landscape. In 1886 School Inspectors commented that the newly opened school 'was in excellent repair'. However, this can be contrasted in 1894 with their observation that 'the chimney smokes so much as to make the schoolroom almost unbearable'.



Down through the years remedial repairs were carried out on the National School. Heating and sanitation being some of the improvements made.

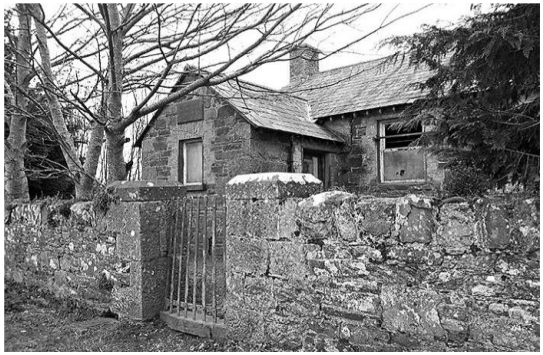
During its lifespan, for the pupils of the school there was more than one hazard; once the Golf Club opened in the 1930's, golf balls

coming through the windows was an inevitable occurrence and the method of heating the school was not always straightforward either.

Initially, an open fire was used to heat the building but in later years a stove was installed. As well as heating the small one roomed school, the stove was also used to heat milk at lunchtime and it gave out great heat once it got going. However, the stove was not without controversy! If it got very hot, it used to explode and big shards of hot shrapnel from the chimney pipe and stove would go flying in every direction. To this day pupils talk of ducking to avoid the debris, while others remember it hitting fellow pupils' glasses and clothes. Afterwards, when the stove was no longer trusted, a gas Super Ser was provided. To spread the heat during the day, this was moved from one end of the room to the other.

In the earlier days children from sailors and coastguards' families were educated in Ballinacourty NS alongside local children. However, as time went on the children came primarily from the immediate area, the vast majority from farming families. Very many of these pupils have gone to their eternal reward but there are still quite a few resident in the local area that were educated there before it closed in 1969.

Memories of school days abound to this day; playing outside in the tiny playground that was divided into two sides Boys only and Girls only, preparation for sacraments and religious examinations as well as some fun times at Christmas and holiday time. Some teachers were spoken of fondly while others were remembered with less charity. Having stood for 84 years, the school fell into greater disrepair. This together with the difficulty of heating the building led to its eventual closure in 1969. While the school may have been one roomed and diminutive in size, its impact on the local community and beyond cannot be underestimated. Those educated there can be found all over the world from the USA to Australia to Europe and beyond. Descendants of pupils became Taoiseach, Members of the House of Lords, Entrepreneurs, Teachers, Professors, Engineers, Farmers, Doctors, Nurses, Gardaí, Architects, Accountants to name but a few professions. Not forgetting of course, a world-renowned Stuntman in the movies!



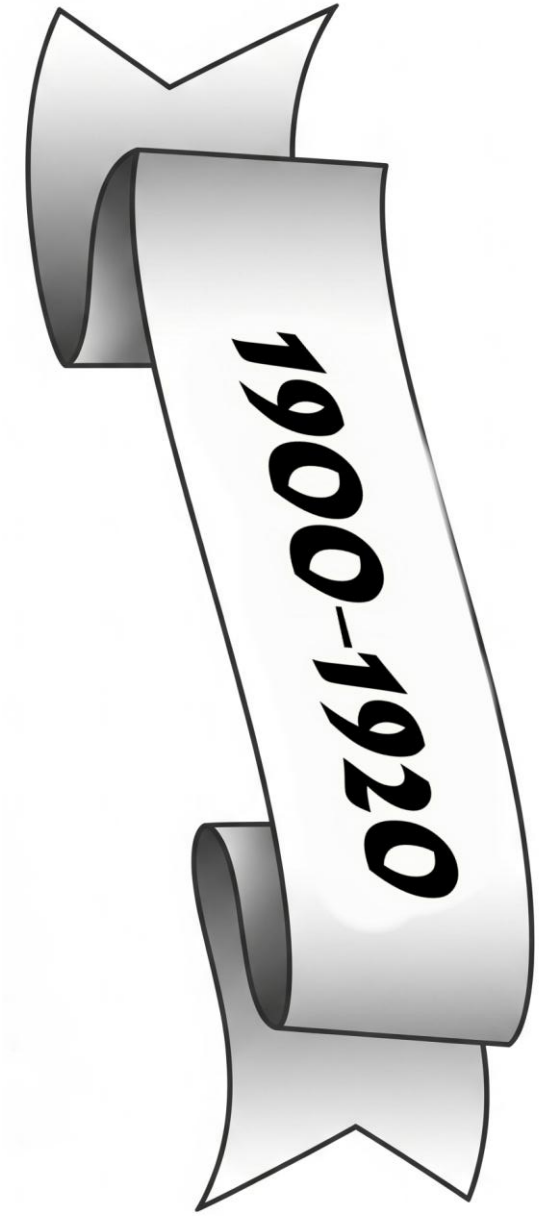
Ballinacourty National School built in 1885

USA late 1890's

Patsy Fleming, Willie Foley
and
Joe Murray

Approx. 1893

Patrick and Mary
(Power) with
Pats Norris.
Ellen, Bridget, Alice,
Ann, Mary, Katie


1900-1920

1900 – 1920

The new century ushered in a period of major turbulence in the life of all. After these 20 years Ireland would never be the same again.

There was a population decline in the rural area driven by a shift to pasture farming thereby reducing the need for agricultural labour. The Dungarvan Observer of the period shows an advertisement for The Stellar Plough, available from Moloneys, claiming that it is "The best plough in the World". Also available, was the Pierce Plough, "the great Irish made plough" which could be purchased from Maurice Flynn, Dungarvan. Emigration increased leading to a smaller and ageing population in many rural areas where farmers struggled to make ends meet.

During this time The Great War (1914 – 1918) was waging across Europe. This seems to have had little impact on the immediate area as no names from Ballinacourty appear on the war memorial which is located at Dungarvan Castle. Yet, it must have been impossible to escape it effects entirely.

In 1909 the Old Age Pension was introduced. The Irish Countrywomen's Association was established in 1910.

The Government of Ireland Act 1914 which aimed to grant Home Rule to Ireland was shelved and there were local recruitment efforts, economic disruptions and an atmosphere of uncertainty. 1916 came as an eye opener nationwide to all Irish citizens. During this time a terrible beauty was born.

Katie Norris
Boston 1908

The War of Independence quickly gathered momentum and affected every part of the country. Looking towards the next twenty years perhaps the people of Ballinacourty felt much anxiety as to what next would befall them and how much more turmoil was awaited?

Early 1900's Ballinacourty Fife and Drum Band

2nd Oct 1918 W. Foley, Mrs O'Brien (Teacher), Sailor, Maurice Terry (Snr), Jack and Mary Elsted

1911 Ballinacourty
Fife and Drum Band

Early 1900s Potato
picking in Kilgrovan
Ballinacourty

Peg Elsted's 90th Birthday (1917 - 2010)

In a corner of the village
Beside the little pier
Stood the old thatched pub The Gold Coast
Where you lived for many a year
You worked from dawn to dark there
Just to make ends meet
And by God it wasn't easy
With eight kids around your feet

The locals dropped in at their leisure
Some brought pain some brought pleasure
You had Paddy Daly, Willie Power
Big Dick Hanrahan, Martin Barry
and Tom Dower
Paddy Joe and Flash Treacy
Mikie Murray and John Cooney
Butch Kiely and Paddy Casey

In the fifties times were hard
On Sundays they came from Ballinard
New felt hats and overcoats
In their pockets ten bob notes
In a way it was like the Dail
You had to listen to it all

When they became inebriated
The price of spuds it was debated
And often they had to be separated
From Ballinroad or Ballyvoyle
You served them all with a ready smile

Now you've reached the decades nine
You've seen some changes in your time
The old school house has closed down
The children go to school in town
The factory it came and went
Some say it was heaven sent

But the saddest thing of all must be
The thatched pub beside the sea
The place where you had all your dreams
One sad day went up in flames

Now you've had some years of rest
Behind the bar you were the best
And it's our delight to be here tonight
To see you hale and hearty
We'll be back again in ten years' time
And we'll have another party.

Willie Joe O'Connor 2007

Peg celebrating
her 90th Birthday

From Ballinacourty to Sydney, Australia

by Danny Barry

According to the 1911 census taken on the 2nd of April, John Barry was five months old. Therefore, he was born in November 1910, eldest son of Daniel and Margaret Barry (nee Foley). Known as Jack, he attended Ballinacourty National School and then went onto the Christian Brothers School in Dungarvan where he completed his Leaving Certificate.

He joined the British Army in the early 1930's and served under Lieutenant General William Slim in India and Burma during the Second World War. After the war William Slim was appointed Governor General of Australia. Jack went to Australia and served there in the Imperial General Staff as part of William Slim's team. Sadly, Jack never returned to Ireland as he was afraid of reprisals from the IRA for being a member of the British Forces. He never wanted to talk about the war as he was trying to put the experience out of his mind.

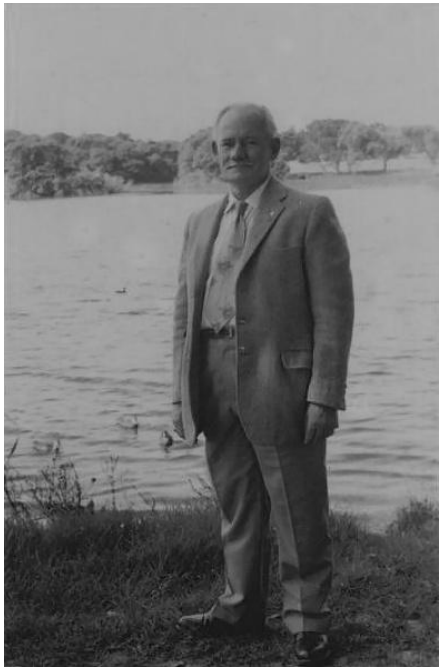
Jack lived the remainder of his life in Sydney, Australia. He got married there to a lady from Hungary and had two children Patricia and Daniel. I spoke to Jack on the phone in or around 1980 where he talked about his early days in Ballinacourty. He told me about one of his early 'hard knocks' as he put it. He was driving cattle to Dungarvan Fair with his Godfather John Ryan (Boreneena) who suffered a heart attack and died while driving the cattle down Sexton Street in Abbeyside. Imagine what that was like for a 14-year-old left with 6 cattle, in the early morning darkness. Later in his life, another 'hard knock' was when his son Danny lost his life in a shooting accident and Jack had to identify him afterwards.

Jack Barry as a young man

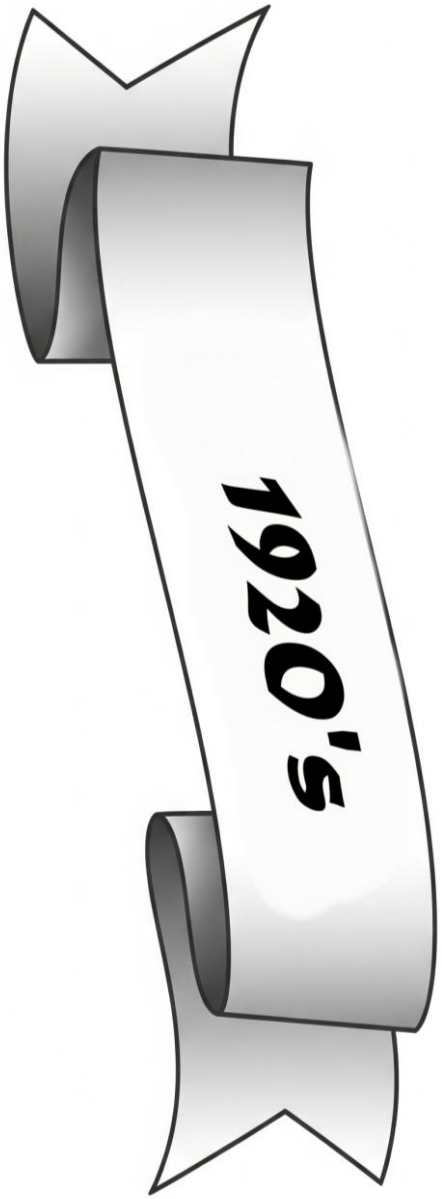
My early memories of Uncle Jack were of him sending us parcels containing clothes and packets of tea. Tea was very scarce and could not be got in Ireland during the Second World War.

Another memory was a photograph of him cycling a bicycle with a big hank of bananas on the handle bars. It was a rare sight for us to see this as bananas were also very scarce and almost impossible to get in Ireland at that time. We always looked forward to his long letters, beautifully hand written, that he would send to my father, usually at Christmas.

Having never returned to his beloved Ballinacourty, Jack Barry died in Sydney, Australia in the year 2000 aged 90 years.



Jack Barry in later years.


1920's

1920's

The early 1920's were turbulent times with the terrors of the War of Independence and the Black and Tans. Prior to the 'Burgery Ambush' it had been noted that the marines stationed at the Coastguard Station in Ballinacourty would present a threat to any local republican action. On the night itself (18/19 March 1921) this indeed was the case as at the height of the action flares were fired into the night sky from the Castle in Dungarvan to alert the marines in Ballinacourty of the need for re-enforcements.

The burning of the Coastguard Station in Ballinacourty on 8th August 1922 symbolised not alone the dismantling of British symbols but also the challenge of Republicanism to the emerging Irish Free State. Writing just a few years later in 1924, local historian Edmond Keohan gives a vivid account of the burning. 'And while the Castle was burning, those who looked from The Lookout could also see smoke issuing from the fine buildings at Ballinacourty. Forcible representations were made to spare these buildings, but without avail. It was urged the burning of them was a military necessity, and hence they were given to the flames'.

On October 1920 Dungarvan Co-operative Creamery was founded. It is interesting to note that among those listed on the first committee was Ballinacourty farmer James Heafey, of Ballynalahessery. The farmers of the area must have taken some solace from the fact that one of their own was part of the new era of Creameries and what it could mean for their small holdings.

A nationwide development which affected pupils in Ballinacourty NS was in 1922, when it was mandated that Irish was to be the language of instruction in all schools.

The Great Waterford Farm Labourer's Strike took place in May 1923. Led by James Dongaree Baird, 1500 farm labourers and their families endured 7 months of sacrifice to defend their wage rates and conditions.

It was still not the era of motor cars for the ordinary citizen. In 1925 Ballinacourty residents lucky enough to own a bike may have purchased one or may have got repairs done at Hehir's in Mitchell Street, Dungarvan. They were main suppliers of Lucania and Singer bicycles and bike repairs of every description could be carried out by their 'Qualified Mechanics'.

For the nearby residents of Stradbally, the disappearance of their postman Larry Griffin, caused much anxiety. He did not return from his rounds on Christmas Day 1929 and was never again seen. Thus began the decades long mystery of the 'Missing Postman' which gripped the attention of people everywhere and would no doubt have been one of the main topics of conversation in Ballinacourty at the end of this decade.

As the years passed in the early part of the 20th Century The War of Independence and Civil War raged on. The uncertainty of living in this environment continued for Ballinacourty people as they tried to find their place in the emerging new era.

1921 Mary Daly (Wife of John B.) with her children, Dick, Josie, Paddy and Johnny

Coastguard Station Burned August 8th/9th 1922

Ballinacourty

by John Daly

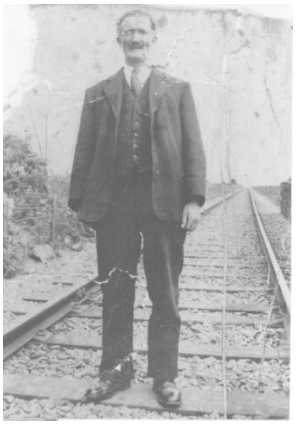
Ballinacourty slumbers in the dusk,
And blossoms blend above her breast.
The waves that frolic round her feet,
Will not disturb her tranquil rest.
The hills are heaped above the sun,
And evening stains the skies,
And the leafy lanes of loneliness,
Of my pastoral paradise.

The gold gorse gleams on Helvick Head,
Cows homeward wend their way,
And the red rosette of the setting sun,
Steps down the stairs of day.
How many suns have rose and set,
Since we plundered the mackerel shoals?
From the "Cuileen" beneath the lighthouse lamp,
With our ash-plant fishing poles.

Still shines the seaweed on the shore;
That tempests smash; and storms renew;
Still weaves the woodbine 'round the rose,
Still falls the evening dew.
Still lilts the linnets in the grove,
Still larks stand in the skies,
Still Helvick Head and Ballyvoile,
Gaze into each other's eyes.

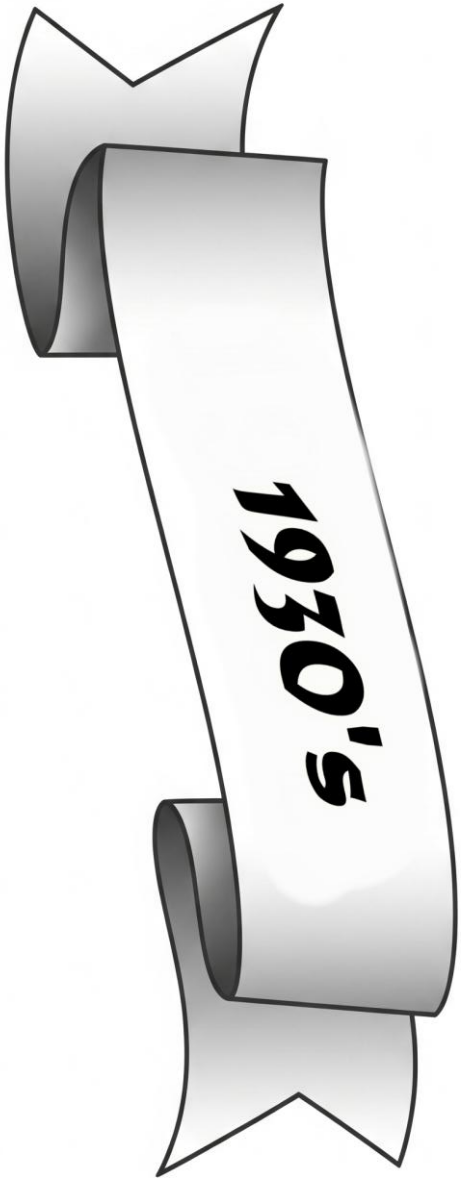
And many a ruined cabin wall,
Is gripped in ivy's green embrace;
Of the friends I loved here long ago,
Ballinroad's green graves hide every trace.
How often have I dreamed of them?
When day is drawn by dusk away,
And with them walked by Ballinard,
Ballinclamper and Clonea.

Now birds glide home to grove and glen;
Through darkening blossom scented May,
In the pensive peace an Angel sings,
Requiems for departing day.
Pictures faint and fading from the past,
Light lanes of loss long overgrown,
With fragrant flowers of memory,
That bloom again in the evening gloam.



Early 1920's

Tom Meehan


1930's

1930's

As the Irish Free State developed through the 1930's the dreams and aspirations of many radicals of the 1920's were long lost. A deep conservativism gripped the country with the church assuming huge powers.

Yet the people in Ballinacourty with their close affinity to nature and to the land, preserved their own piety and practices. There is evidence of local people attending the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin in 1932. They would have been uplifted by Count John McCormack's rendition of the offertory hymn, "Panis Angelicus," during the High Mass, which many claim was the highlight of the event.

The 1930's were inward looking but Ballinacourty's tradition of self-reliance on local agricultural produce was a major advantage. It was a buffer against economic uncertainty and fostered strong social ties which underpinned its strong community spirit.

In the 1930s, farmers suffered because of a trade war between Ireland and Britain.

The foundation stone for the new church in Mount Melleray was laid in 1933.

At the close of this decade Dungarvan Golf Club relocated its nine-hole course to Ballinacourty and the Coastguard Station rose from the ashes again. Soon, however, travel from the town became a problem with the outbreak of World War II; the members were undaunted and resorted to the humble bicycle, horseback and pony and trap, some even walked with a bag of clubs on their back while the war lasted.

Those who lived through the 1930's from Ballinacourty must have experienced a deepening of the Catholic conservative hold on the area. However, their daily lives must have gone on as normal even with the threat of World War Two on the horizon.

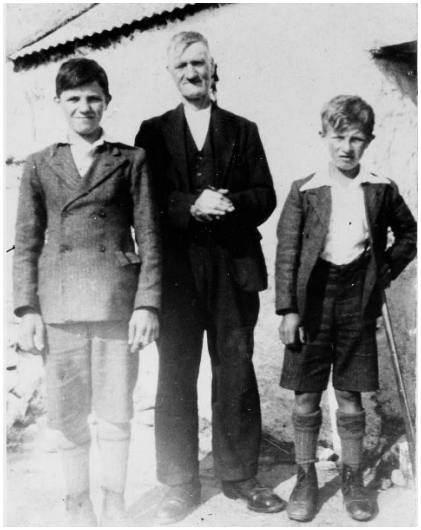
1 June 1937
John Veale,
Bill Walsh,
and
Michael Kiely
(The Pike)

1930's Back ?, Alice Power, ? , ?, Jimmy Terry, Maudie Joy, John Elsted

Front Deagie Terry, Willie Flynn, Willie Treacy, Mikey Morrissey and Paddy Norris

1930's Mollie Terry, Paddy Norrris, Nora Daly, Maudie Joy, Pats Norris and Cissie Barry

1930's Thomas, Tom, Joe, John and Christy Meehan



Late 1930's Mickey, John and Tommy Foley

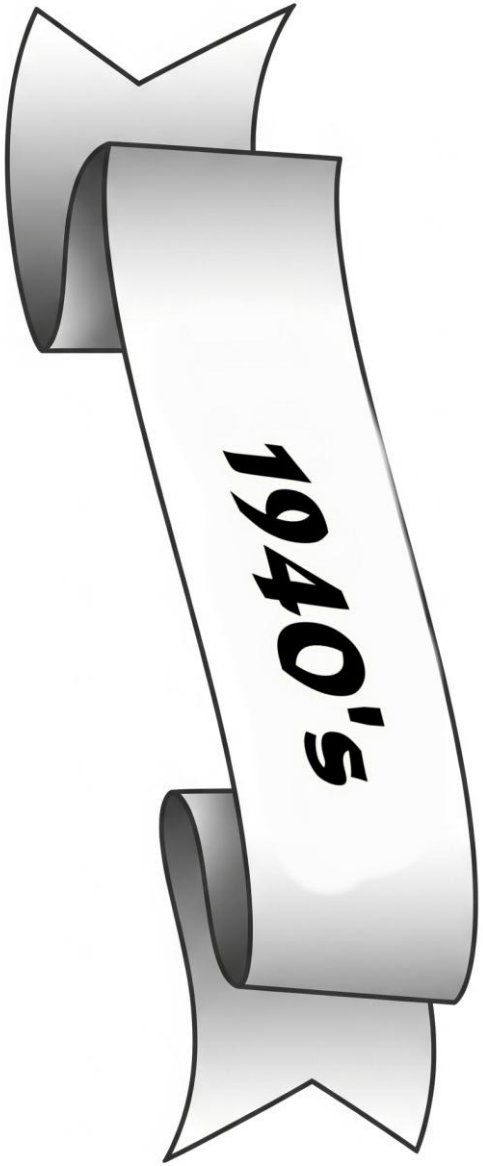
Early 1930's Ballinacourty National School, Fundraising Concert

4th Row (Back) Kathleen Daly, Mollie Meehan, Josie Daly, Noreen Daly, Eileen Veale, Nell Power (NT), Mary Hanrahan, John Elsted, Paddy Daly, Dick Joy, Sean O'Brien.

3rdnd Row Mrs. Mather, John Kiely, Willie Power, Dec. Foley, Tom Kiely, Paddy Foley, Mary Flynn, Eileen Daly, Kitty Foley, Michael Foley, Biddy Hanrahan, Kitty Joy, Paddy Norris, Mary Joy.

2nd Row Willie Joy, Seamus Norris, Sean Foley, Biddy Elsted, Paddy O'Brien, Maura Daly, Josie Hanrahan, Biddy Foley, Nancy Morrissey, Eileen Fitzgerald, Eileen Power, Mickey Foley.

1st Row Biddy Joy, Gerry Flynn, Peggy Morrissey, Norah Daly, Maureen Norris, Rena Norris, Biddy Morrissey, Kitty Foley, Statia Foley, Peggy Power, Maggie Flynn, Tommy Foley, Gusty O'Brien


1940's

1940's

This was a decade that saw World War Two 1939 – 1945) take hold in earnest.

Ireland declared an official State of Emergency on 2nd September 1939. The Emergency Powers Act was enacted the following day. This gave new powers to the Irish Government for the duration of the war.

Rationing was introduced and ration books distributed. Restricted items included tea, sugar, cigarettes, flour, cloth, petrol and bicycle tyres. Life was indeed very difficult for both the town and country dweller alike.

Yet, locals were not deterred and life went on as was evidenced in The Dungarvan Observer 1944. It listed the film 'Heart of the Golden West' starring Roy Rogers showing at The Cinema, Dungarvan with ticket prices at 8d, with more expensive ones at 1 shilling. In addition, the last 3 nights at the 'Carnival' included a walking race from Grattan Square and an adult Fancy-Dress Parade. So even though times were tough people still had a social outlet.

While the ESB was first established in 1927, it was not until the late 1940's that the rural electrification scheme was rolled out. This revolutionized life in rural areas with the transition from the Tilly lamp to the electric bulb and all the advantages that electricity brought across the country. With electricity easing the burden of everyday life, Ballinacourty residents must have been glad to leave the 1940's and its war-torn era behind and looked forward to what the 1950's could bring.

1948 John Morrissey

1940's Chrissie and Mikey, John, Thomas,
Mary, Pakie and Kathleen Hogan

1942 Kitty, Danny and Martin Barry

1940's Fox Walsh and John Elsted in Arklow

1940's Rena and Maureen Norris

1940's Paddy (Fadge) Carlton, Paddy Daly, Dec Foley,
Dec Murray, Peter Terry,
Seamus Norris and Danny Barry

Approx 1943 Band outside Elsteds Pub by the stage Back ?, ?, Deagie Terry,
Middle ?, Paddy Daly, Cissy Power, Maudie Joy, ?,?,?, Willie Power, Paddy Norris
Front Tom (Butch) Kiely, Tom Kennedy

1943 Awarded to Maurice Veale, Ballinacourty for the best sugar beet crop in Eire. This cup was donated by the Veale family in August 2025 to Waterford County Museum, Dungarvan.

Wyse's Point at Ballinacourty

By Thomas Hogan

As I walked out one evening in the pleasant month of June
The breeze was softly blowing and the birds sang in full tune
I strolled along the lonely beach by fields of new mowed hay
To take a last fond loving look at sweet Dungarvan Bay

Along that rock bound coast, I stray to view the lovely spot
Where the fishermen will mend his nets and make his lobster pots
Where the little boats that anchor there lie peaceful side by side
As patiently they waited there to meet the coming tide

Now the sun went down behind that old town as I walked on my way
I heard the cry of a wild curlew all out on a western bay
Oh, the murmuring of the gentle waves along the golden sand
For they seem to whisper in my ear 'don't leave the dear old land'

Now along by sandy banks I stray near fields so fresh and green
The moon came over Wyse's Point to captivate the scene
Old Abbeyside stands proudly out so silent and so still
Where those holy monks once preached the faith by the Castle on the hill

Old Helvick Head stands proudly out, lies peaceful to the west
Where seagulls and the gannets too they build their lofty nests
Where the white capped waves of wintertime roll in with whitening foam
For down below the lobster's creep and the sea lion makes his home

Now the gulls screw over the lonely coast and the moon shone down so bright
That little lighthouse in the bay lit out her guiding light
I linger for a little while to gaze upon the sight
In sorrow then I slowly turn to meet the coming night

But now alas the time has come for me to sail away
And leave this pleasant place behind for some foreign land to stray
But please God I'll come back again in the merry month of May
To cast my longing eyes again over sweet Dungarvan Bay

1945 Seamus Norris, Dick Hanrahan, Sean Foley, and Paddy Daly

1948
First
Communion
Jack Elsted

1940's Dick Daly

1940's Chrissie Hogan and Christy Meehan

1940's Mickey and Mollie Kiely

Mary Wore a Lavender Walking Dress

by Christina Marrocco

Mary Treacy (1863 – 1942) later to be my great-great grandmother, born to Thomas Treacy and Johanna (nee Mulcahy), lived a life of challenge and determination but also of much joy. At just four years old, Mary was in the workhouse with her mother, when Johanna died at just twenty-eight years of age. It seems Thomas her father, and perhaps an older brother, Denis, had continued life outside the workhouse as fishermen. Thomas went on to remarry and have more children, giving Mary sisters and two stepmothers. When she was old enough, Mary Treacy emigrated to America as did one of her brothers while another brother went to Australia.

Mary settled in Springfield Illinois, which was a bustling city and the birthplace and former home of Abraham Lincoln. It was also a hot house of anti-papist, anti-immigrant pamphleteering. Springfield boasted magnificent "European Style" hotels, and Mary was soon employed in one. It may have been there that she met George Williams. Their wedding was held in George's home, officiated by the local Catholic priest, and followed by a party into the wee hours. On her wedding day, as reported in the *State Journal Register,* Mary wore a lavender walking dress. Mary and George's first child, Johanna (1891) was no doubt named after Mary's mother. In 1894 Mary was pregnant with her second child when George was killed in a cistern gas leak along with his helper. After this Mary pursued a negligence lawsuit against Springfield Light and Gas that was infamous enough to change safety legislation in the state. However, she did not win her case. Her second daughter, Georgia, was born shortly afterwards. As a widow Mary was soon in the poor rolls in the *Register*, owing in particular, for coal.

Two of Mary's half-sisters emigrated to Springfield. Subsequently, another sister visited and returned to Dungarvan. One of her nephews in Springfield became a Catholic priest in the local parish. Mary remarried, to an Irishman this time, named Patrick Sheedy. They had three daughters together, Catherine, Margaret, and Nellie as well as a son, Patrick, who died in infancy. Mary and her husband, distraught at this loss took a cross-country train journey to California in an attempt to lift her spirits. This was reported in the *Register*

as well, though the loss and the trip were left out of family lore. Patrick died in 1912. As her daughters became adults they cared for Mary, one working the laundry mangle, another working as a stenographer.

Mary's first child, Johanna, was extremely shy, kind, with thick auburn hair in her youth. Johanna married John Snow, a farmer's son from a nearby small town. They worked a farm in Walnut, Illinois as tenant farmers. John earned extra income as a bare-knuckle boxer on the circuit. Johanna and her family then moved to Chicago where John found work in the foundry, and eventually Catherine and Mary would follow them there.

Johanna had five children, my grandmother, Rosetta Snow (1921), was among them. Rose, as she was called, married Melchiore Marrocco. This explains my surname! My father, Timothy was born in 1944 and an only child. He served in the US Marines during the Vietnam War, became a firefighter, and later a fire chief in Bloomingdale, Illinois. He built a house, by hand, out of fieldstone on land in Wisconsin. It looks uncannily like the Treacy home in Ballinacourty, a home he'd never seen in a photo or in person.

I am the first generation to travel back to Ireland and to visit Ballinacourty. As a professor of literature, I've had opportunities my ancestors did not have and I embraced them out of respect, love, and connection.

My great-grandmother Mary Treacy died in 1942, in Chicago, Illinois at the age of 79. She was surrounded by her children and grandchildren. It is said that she seldom spoke of her strife, but instead smiled and chatted with everyone to her last.

1940's Mary Treacy with her daughters, Joanna, Georgia, Catherine, Margaret and Nellie

Christina Marrocco is a professor, teaching Composition, Women's Literature, and Creative Writing at Elgin Community College based outside of Chicago. She is also an award-winning writer and poet. In 2018, she spent a semester as a faculty liaison at Carlow College, St. Patricks, and visits Ireland whenever she is able. She is the mother of four grown children, three sons and a daughter: Christopher, Tiffany (deceased), Michael, and Matthew. Christopher is a restaurant manager, and the two younger boys are electricians.

Christina Marrocco, great-great grandaughter of Mary Treacy at the lighthouse Ballinacourty

1948 Bobby and Bridget Higginbotham on their wedding day

Bearnabui Railway Lodge No 791 (1878).
1949 Nora, Tom and Eddie Meehan (Confirmation)

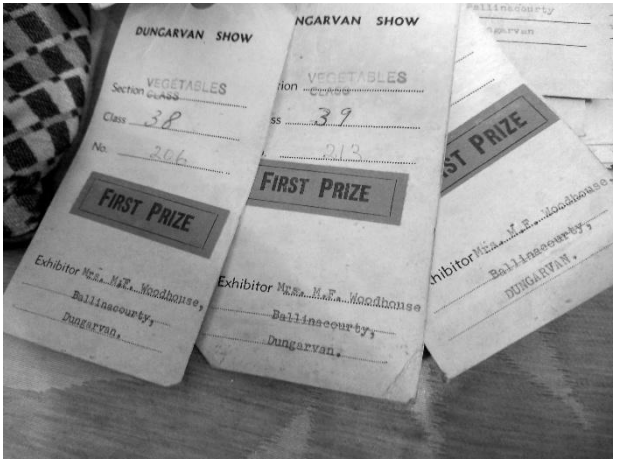
Woodhouse Family at Ballinacourty House

Ballinacourty House was rented as a family home by Commander Edwin Acklom and his wife, Rose Eliza Acklom (née Coffey) around 1907. The Woodhouse family came in the late 1940's to Ballinacourty when Robert Woodhouse retired. As a New Zealander he had served in the British Army and had fought in Gallipoli. His wife Mary Woodhouse (nee Anderson) was from Ballinamona, near Waterford City. Afterwards Robert became what his granddaughter Annabel described as 'a self-made man' who played the stock market. They had three children Mrs. Anne Grubb, Lady Cynthia Goff, and Frank Woodhouse. Mary Sweeney (who later married Christy Meehan) was nanny to grandchildren Richard and Nicholas Grubb based in Castlegrace, Co Tipperary. By the mid 1950's the children were old enough to go to school and Mary relocated to Woodlouse's in Ballinacourty. Mr. Frank Woodhouse was the most frequent visitor to the house and often stayed there when he returned from his travels.

The site where the family had a grand three storey house in Ballinard, aptly named 'Ballinacourty House', was later owned by Quigley Magnesite and now the Gold Coast holiday houses are located there. There was a wooden latched door that led into a walled garden area where they grew lots of different flowers as well as vegetables, apple and fig trees. Local man William O'Connor was the gardener and his crop of vegetables and flowers often won 1st prize at the Dungarvan Show.

Locals Chrissie Terry, Dolores Hayes, Thomas Hogan, Ned O'Connor, Mikey Morrissey, Jimmy Sheehan and Kate Kennedy also worked at the big house and gardens. At Halloween the children in Ballinacourty National School enjoyed seasonal Brack from the Woodhouse's and would also play snap apple with apples donated by the family.

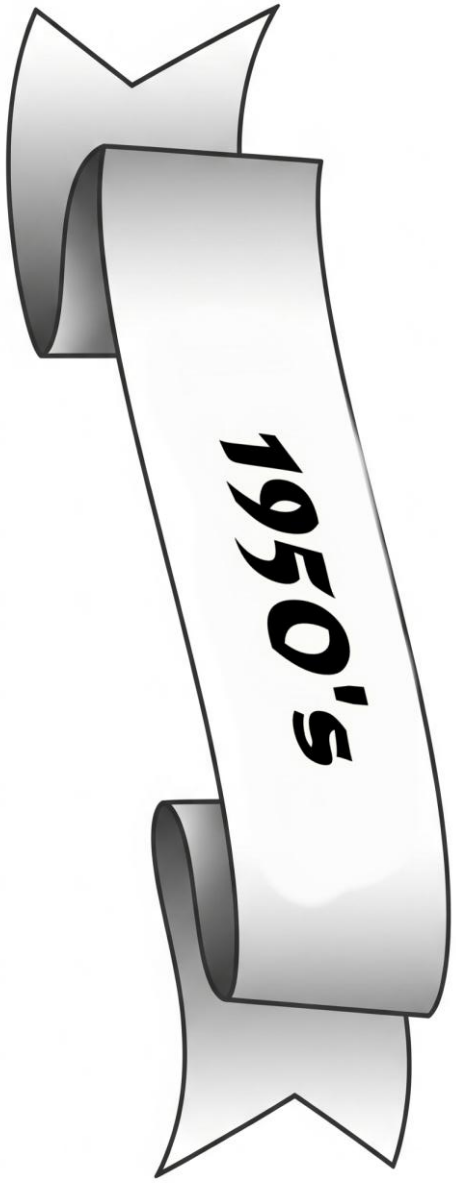
Annabel Davis Goff, wrote 'Walled Gardens… Scenes from an Irish Childhood'. This book has a chapter about her childhood summers when she and her sister Julia came on holidays to their grandparents at Ballinacourty House. She describes how they would spend the long summer weeks playing, reading, and swimming. Each year they also attended The Dungarvan Show, The Circus and if they were lucky a trip to the public swimming pool in Dungarvan. Mary Woodhouse left Ballinacourty House in September 1972, her husband Robert was already deceased at that point in time.



1950's Winning tags for Woodhouse vegetables from the Dungarvan Show

1950's Mary Sweeney

Woodhouse, Ballinacourty House


1950's

1950's

Following the austerity of the war years the 1950's marked a gradual transition towards modernization supported by the new electricity network. Yet this period was still marked with economic stagnation.

Many years on from the emigration of Ballinacourty natives Mary Treacy and Jack Barry, the curse of emigration still had its grip on the local area. Young people continued to leave rural areas in search of work, particularly for England and America, due to limited opportunities at home. Quite often they left to join family members who had emigrated ahead of them. At a Waterford Council meeting in 1955, the members bemoaned the facts that grants were not coming down the line for local projects. "Too many people are too well paid" while the councillors feared that local employees would have to be left go with emigration the only option open to them. During this time, parcels were often sent by those who had settled in America or England and were experiencing better fortunes than those who had stayed behind. The opening of the parcel was an important occasion as it was filled with clothes, toys and treats.

Transport, especially cars and buses became more available with a consequent increase in visitors to the seaside and local area. Many would contend that life was still simple in the 1950's. Entertainment options included the cinema (often showing black and white films), radio, and traditional music.

The health of children was always a worry for parents. In the 1950s there were epidemics of Polio and TB which were especially feared. However, for the children in Ballinacourty time in the healthy fresh air played an important part in their everyday lives. Rhyming games, skipping and tig as well as hurling and football were played daily. Cowboys and Indians was always popular as was playing shop. If Santa had visited, they might have been lucky enough to receive board games like Snakes and Ladders and Ludo.

Religious ceremonies such as Communion and Confirmation were important milestones in every child's life at Ballinacourty NS. Attending church services was part of the routine of every week with emphasis on the Missions, Stations (where the Mass was celebrated in people's homes), as well as observing Lent, Easter and Christmas

It was often the responsibility of children to collect firewood, pick berries in the summer and help with jobs around the home and farm. Children were less supervised then and spent much of the day playing outside unless there were jobs to do.

The 1950's will be remembered as a time when many left school in their early teens and entered into an adult working life, leaving the innocence of childhood behind forever.

During the 1950's Ballinacourty was well populated with those who worked the land eking out a living growing crops or with a small herd of cattle. It was a place that was alive with local characters and community spirit as can be seen in these pages of stories and photos.

1950's John Veale, Dec. Foley, Gusty Foley, Deagie Terry, Dick Daly, Mickey Power, Mary Ann. Power, Johnny Power, Jimmy Power, Gary Morrissey in front

1950's Gusty Foley, Mickey Power, Jimmy Power, Deagie Terry, Jim Byrne, Johnny Power, Declan Foley

1952 Jimmy and Maura Goode, Fr. Wm. Dee, Helen O'Byrne, and Paddy Daly at Clonea Strand Hotel

1950's Dec Foley, Gusty Kiely, Dick Hanrahan, Richie Morrissey and Jack Dwane

Early 1950's - Celebrations at Clonea Strand Hotel to mark the visit of American Cousins (O'Brien's) of the Morrissey Family, Ballinacourty

Back Mickey Power, PJ Morrissey, John Morrissey, Kathleen Barry, Paddy Barry, Biddy Power.
2nd Row Peggy Morrissey, Kitty McGarry, Mary Morrissey, Mary Ann Power, Lizzie Power, Jimmy Power, Bridie Morrissey, Tim Ryan, Alice Marie O'Connor, Paddy O'Connor.
3rd Row Aggie Tobin, Alice Ryan, ? O'Brien (USA) , ? O'Brien (USA), Alice O'Connor
4th Row (Children) Ann Marie Morrissey, Peg Tobin, Jim Power.

A walk through Ballinacourty in the late 1950's
From Ballinard to Bothar na Crainn

by Willie Joe O'Connor

I'm leaving *The Cuileen* heading up *Ballinard* I pass **Polly Kelly's** on my right; the galvanized roof is now red with rust. **Dec Murray** is collecting horse chestnuts from the tree overhanging his yard that he will set later. **Bobby Higginbotham**, the lighthouse keeper is coming out the lighthouse boreen and is heading to work in the leather factory. **Bridie Daly** is out in the yard feeding her hens. The house on the right with the marigolds around the gate is **Mike Treacy's** and his wife **Nora Mac**. Their son **Flash** is gone to work for **Paddy Daly**. A little farther up the road in the thatched house lives **Mary Hannigan** with her son **Tommy Treacy**. Mary was leaning over the half door doing her stint on neighbourhood watch. **Bridgie Power** is filling her bucket from the tap at the top of the Boreen. Her brother **Jack** is putting the wheel back on his car. There's an east wind blowing so *The Lan Mara* will be full of seaweed tomorrow. **Paddy Conroy** arrives on his bike and has just finished his shift in the Creamery working in the Chocolate Crumb. **Mollie Coughlan's** door is open and the Clancy Brothers are booming out. 'Waterford have won the all-Ireland' she said: 'They were a powerful team and I suppose it will be another eleven years before they win it again'. *Woodhouse* is on my left where **Willie O'Connor** and **Mikie Morrissey** are working in the walled garden. **Mary** and **Monnie Drummy** live across the road with her brother **Maurice Veale.** On each pillar are glass balls that washed in with the tide. **Will Treacy** was rounding the cross. He got his penknife and cut a twig of a sycamore tree and made me a whistle. In the little gate lodge with the triangular window at the cross lives **Pop Foley** with his wife **Cissie** and stepdaughter **Nora Daly**. There's a triangle of grass in the middle of the road where the three roads meet.

I meet **Dick Joy** on his bike with a fishing rod tied on. He's heading to The *Cuileen* to hook a few Mackerel. I head down towards the pier where **Tom Burke's** old house is on the right. **Jimmy Terry's** is the next house. Jimmy was the local barber. Here the men gathered on a Saturday night to get shorn under the whitethorn bush. **Hogans** lived across the road next to **Willie Power**. They both had an acre of land that stretched into the golf course. **Liam Morrissey** (butcher) was shearing his sheep below Powers' acre and had gathered

them from the Golf Course. School was over and **Nell Power** and **Kitty Brennock** were having a conflab outside the school gate as Kitty waited to be collected by **Mrs. Browne** in her little red Fiat 500. **Pad Hogan** and his sister **May** lived down *The Cutt* in the quarry. **Tomisin Hogan** was stepping it out with a bottle of paraffin oil in his pocket on his way to light up the harbour lights that stood behind the coastguard station. **The King** was sitting on the little wall that surrounded his thatched pub. The pub is now called *The Gold Coast* and it was christened by the King one night when he was listening to the farmers bragging about all the money they were getting from the new spuds. The sound of music drifted out the door where **Butch Kiely** was playing the box and **Eddie Joy** was home from sea. **Jack Carlton** was putting the tractor into the old boathouse behind the pier. He had finished his day cutting the fairways on the golf course. With his wife **Maggie,** they were caretakers of the course and members' bar. Jack was the main source of our pocket money at the time. He would give sixpence for a good Dunlop 65.

Heading over the Coast Road I met **Martin Barry** one of the characters of the area at the time. His house caught your eye as you passed, as it was always painted red and white. **Bridie Morrissey** pulled out the gate with her white pony and trap on her way to town to do her shopping. She pulled in to talk to the **Jockey Norris** who got the name for his slight build going to school.

1950's Gusty O'Brien, Mick (Buddy) Walsh, Mike (baby), Paddy, Nell, Jimmy, Pat and Johnny Norris

I turned the corner up *Boreneena* where **McPhillips'** house was on the corner. **Ned** worked for the Revenue and you only had to worry about him if you had money. On your left in the big house was **Miss Power** the bookie. She had some good greyhounds who had won a big coursing cup in Clonmel at the time. She had two girls working for her **Biddy Reddy** and **Mary Flynn**. A few yards on the left was **Dan Daly's** cottage. His brother **Mickie** was sitting on the ditch filling his pipe and looking forward to a few drags. Half way up on the left lived **Jimmy Gleeson**, a tall man with a bushy moustache who always wore a hat. I knew him from *The Highway to Heaven* which I'll explain later (see photo p.55).

They were only two houses in *Borneneena* at the time. **Dick Daly** was out in his field cutting cauliflower with his workmen **Deckie Curran** and a **Butler** man from town.

1950's Pat and Nicholas Dunphy

Heading up the hill, I pass **Bridie Currans'** house on the left. Living with her were her daughter **Brigid** and sons **Tom and the Buddy Walsh**. Any blackguarding went on in the Parish, Buddy was the first suspect, as he was always up to harmless devilment. Then I come to **Dunphy's** *The Hill*, **Paddy** and his wife **Kathleen** and her sister **Nora** were the occupants. As I rounded the corner, I could hear **Gusty Kiely's** booming voice as he rounded up his cattle being led into the milking parlour by a lone goat.

I pass **Foleys** cottage I head down *Ballinclamper*. **Liam Foley** came out the gate barefooted. He was known as **The Cuttler** as he never wore shoes, the soles of his feet were like leather. I remember being down in Double Ditch with him looking for golf balls and he would feel under the blackthorn bushes with his bare feet. The thorns didn't bother him! **Richie Morrissey** was feeding his greyhounds out in the yard as **Paddy McCarty** and **Pats Cummins** cleaned out the cow house. The **O'Briens** lived in a cottage on the right. **Sean and Vera** had lovely singing voices and they often performed on stage in St Laurence's Hall, Ballinroad. **Mag Murray** was leaning over the gate smoking her ever present Woodbine as **Noel** travelled up and down the road in his pedal car. It was the best toy any child could have at the time. **Mickie Foley** was putting canvas over the back of his lorry to keep his neighbours dry as he gave them a lift to Mass on the truck *Highway to Heaven*. That's how I knew **Jimmy Gleeson** as Mickie collected him for Mass. Mickie was known to attend two masses on a Sunday. **Anthony Hayes** passed down in his green Ford Popular looking cool with his elbow out the window. **Scotty Hayes** lived next door with his sister **Annie Ann** and brother **John**. Scotty could give a good rendition of The Maid of The Sweet Brown Knowe.

Dick Hanrahan lived in the thatched house on the left where he grew some great crops of new spuds. **Paul Conroy** and I picked many the ton with **Paddy Cole** from the Brickey's and **Roger Byrnes**.

Down *The Long Boreen* on the right lived **Paddy Daly** and his sister **Cathy**. Paddy was good at most sports, football and hurling and was also the first farmer to join the Golf Club. **Jimmy Goode** was in the house at the end of the road. He was married to Paddy Daly's sister **Maura**.

On my return journey now to *Clash*, **Maggie Veale's** cottage and acre are on my right; she had a donkey named Mowler that she kept in the acre as her means of transport. She had no running water and used the rainwater she collected in two barrels at each end of the house for making tea and washing. Down in *Clash* lived **Mickey Kiely** who grew a crop of spuds one year that were called Champions; he had a great crop, so he got the name Champion Kiely after that. **O'Connors** lived with **Dick Joy** in the cottage on the right having moved from Fermoy at the start of the decade.

I'm now back at *Bothair Na Crainn* the name the older residents called *Ballinard*. I sit under the tall poplar tree that stands on the corner of Pad Hogan's field to rest after my stroll through new spud country. As I sit looking over the golf course **Dr O'Connell** and **Niall Kennedy** arrive to hit off the seventh tee. One ball lands in the double ditch. Another one for **The Cuttler!**

1950's Confirmation Willie Joe O'Connor, Paul Conroy

1950's Martin, Mickey, Sean, Dec, Tommy and Anne Foley

1954 GAA Social at the Golf Club
Back.. Jimmy Goode, John Hogan, Gusty Foley, Deagie Terry, Dick Hanrahan, John B. Daly
Front.. Jimmy Power, Fr. Michael Walsh , Michael Fives

1950's
Back Tom Curran, Mick Walsh, PJ Morrissey, John Morrissey, Thomas Hogan, Tom (Butch) Kiely, Mikey Power
Middle Willie Treacy, Pakie Hogan, Jack Elsted, Michael (Flash) Treacy.
Front Dick Curran, Mickey Foley, Danny Barry, Anthony Hayes.

Memories of growing up in Ballinacourty Point Lighthouse

by Mary Higginbotham

My earliest memory of growing up in Ballinacourty Point Lighthouse is of being terrified of going to the top of it and out on to the balcony. I still have no head for heights, I wonder why? The lighthouse and dwelling house were built in 1858. I remember the house as being built of cut stone granite blocks, surrounded by stores in a courtyard which was floored in flagstones as were all the surrounding footpaths. My sister Eileen and I spent hours on tricycles on those paths, also great for hop scotch and skipping. Large grounds surrounded the house, in which our parents grew potatoes and vegetables, kept hens, and the neighbours made hay.

When we were children in the 1950s, the light was operated by carbide gas from a generating room and had to be serviced by our father every week. A by-product of this was whitewash, which was used for the sea walls surrounding the lighthouse. The lighthouse had to be kept spick and span and we kids were experts at polishing brass before the age of ten. The lighthouse was inspected every year by the Commissioners of Irish Lights. They arrived on their big vessel, the original Granuaile and then transferred by launch to the jetty at the lighthouse. The jetty was our swimming pool when the tide was in and the surrounding rock crevices were a great source of lobster.

The tower light was electrified in 1964 and a stand by generator installed in the event of power failure which was never required in the days of carbide gas. There was a lightning conductor on top of the lighthouse which was a great consolation to our mother who was terrified of thunder storms and would retreat to safety until the storm was over. We loved to watch big storms from the lighthouse to see the big waves which occasionally came as far as our front door. Another thing we loved to watch was in a big storm, all the trawlers would take shelter around Ring and Helvick, and they would look like a city when lit up at night.

At the top of the avenue on each side were two beautiful thatched cottages, one belonged to the Murrays, Dick, Paddy, Alice and Bridget, the other to Bridie Daly. Bridie was a dairy farmer, and we used to buy our milk from her. The Murrays were market gardeners and had a beautiful garden and orchard. Just a little bit up the road lived Mike

Treacy who had a donkey and cart and would have been the haulage contractor of the day. He collected provisions for the lighthouse from the railway station in Dungarvan. I actually remember a cast iron Stanley range being delivered by cart and unloaded; no fork lifts then!

We walked to school to Ballinacourty N.S, and always thought we had a long walk down the avenue and by road. Every field had to be crossed, starting in Bridie Daly's until we arrived at the first stop Conroys, then often on to the golf links in search of golf balls which if lucky we then sold to Jack Carlton, who was the caretaker of the golf club. On the homeward journey, Murrays was always a stop, where Bridget would feed us with lovely homemade bread hot from the bastible and lovely homemade jam. That gave us the energy to make the rest of the journey home.

The main occupation in Ballinacourty then was market gardening and the farmers used to draw seaweed from *The Cuileen* beach in donkey/horse and cart to fertilize their crops. They always left a substantial trail of residue on the road, leading to our sliding and slipping our way to school. Our poor mother could never figure out how we came home so dishevelled from school, but climbing ditches, crossing fields and sliding on seaweed would do that. When I look back, I think of how privileged we were and what an idyllic childhood we had growing up in such a beautiful and safe environment. Freedom to roam, climb rocks, swim, fish, out in the fresh air from sunrise to sunset. We had lovely neighbours in a time of great generosity and kindness. Happy memories!

1954 Eileen and Mary Higginbotham

Ballinacourty Lighthouse at Dusk

1950's Fr M. Walsh CC, Tommy Foley, Mickey and Sheila Foley, Fr Power and Eileen Dineen.

1950's Outside Elsted's Pub
Back. Peg Elsted, Seamus and Bridie Norris, Mickey Kiely, Jimmy Terry, Christy (Jippo) Power, ?, ?
Middle Tom Curran, John Elsted, Thomas Meehan (with Tony Elsted), Tom (Butch) Kiely and Joe Griffin.
Front Breed and Cait Elsted

1953 Wedding of Jimmy and Maura Goode

Back Dec Goode, Dick Dee, Dick Hanrahan, Peggy Hanrahan, Tom Hanrahan
Middle Nancy Daly, Paddy Daly, Mary Hanrahan, Johnny Kennedy,?, John B. Daly, Johnny Daly, ?, Anthony Dee,
Kattie Daly, Birdie Daly, Jackie Goode, Lenore Byrne, Gerry Dee, Mickileen Whelan, ?, ?, Ms Cunningham ?
Front Mary Quarry, Kate Dee, Fr. W. Dee, Jimmy Goode, Maura Goode, Helena Goode, ?,
Benny Dee and Dick Daly

1954 Ballinacourty National School

4th Row (Back) .. Margaret Morrissey, Eileen O'Connor, Mary Hogan
3rd Row.. Vera O'Brien, Mary Barry, Mary Casey, Joan Morrissey, Annie Hogan, Winne Conroy.
2nd Row.. Paddy Burns, Mary O'Connor, Ena Gough,
Margaret Barry, Kathleen Kiely, Mary Ann Conroy, Ann Casey, Bridget Curran, Kathleen O'Connor, Mary Daly,
Breda Daly, Ann Simms, Johnny Norris
Front… Eddie Elsted, Willie Joe O'Connor, Liam Simms, Pat Norris, Liam Morrissey, Pat McMahon,
Paddy Joe Barry, Paul Conroy, Ned O'Connor, Martin Anthony Barry

First Holy Communion Day 1954

by Willie Joe O'Connor

'First class come up here to the front', said Miss Nell Power 'you're making your First Communion in May and I must prepare you for it'. 'Stand up there Pat' said Nell 'and show us how you make the sign of the cross'. Pat stood in front of the class and with hands flailing everywhere, 'in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost Amen'. 'Slow down Pat you're like a fellow swatting flies' says Nell. She stood up and went over to Pat and got him to put his left hand on his breast and grabbing his right hand moved it to his forehead saying. 'In the name of the Father' then down to his waist saying, 'and of the Son', then to his left shoulder 'and of the Holy' and to the right shoulder 'Ghost Amen' as she joined his hands together. There was no need to show the rest of us as we were quick learners. 'Now class, get out your Catechism. You must learn all the blue dot questions and the Ten Commandments. Fr Hopkins will be here in April to examine you'.

We were wondering what the Ten Commandments were! Nell told us that Moses went up to Mount Sinai and came back with two slabs on which were written the Ten Commandments. Now she said 'The Commandments are the law of God and if you break God's law you commit sin and you must go to Confession and ask for forgiveness'. She then went through the Commandments with us, dwelling on the Fourth, honour your Father and your Mother. Some of them I did not understand like the Ninth 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife', but I do now!

With the Easter holidays over and Nell announced that Fr. Hopkins would be arriving in two weeks so we had to knuckle down and learn our prayers, especially the Act of Contrition. It was wall to wall religion for the following two weeks. The senior classes were learning The Sermon on The Mount. We sat so close to them that we had it off as well. Blessed are the poor in spirit. Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy. I often wondered did she practise what she preached? Fr Hopkins arrived to examine us and we passed with flying colours.

First Confession

The time then came to get ready for our First Confession. 'Now children' said Nell 'you are making your First Holy Communion in three weeks so you must prepare to make your First Confession. First you must examine your conscience and to do that you go through The Commandments and see if you have broken any of God's laws'. That was easy enough as I

hadn't killed anyone or coveted wives. Just a few small misdemeanours like throwing stones at Bridgie Terries hens and disobeying my parents. 'Now I want you all to stay back after Mass next Sunday and I will show you the confession box'. After Mass that Sunday we all gathered around the confession box and Nell opened the doors and showed us where the priest sat in the centre and the kneelers that we knelt on as we confessed our sins. Then she sat in the centre and got us all to enter the side doors and close them to get us used to the darkness. She then pulled back the shutter and we had a dry run through the whole lot, sins and Act of Contrition. The next step was to learn to receive the host in Holy Communion. 'Now' said Nell 'to receive the host you must be fasting from midnight. Don't let the host touch your teeth, what I want you to do is roll your tongue around your mouth so it will be easy to swallow and remember it is Holy God who's coming to you'. Then she took out some ice cream wafers and cut them in circles and gave us a dry run at receiving the host as well.

One Saturday shortly after, we trudged off down to Ballinroad to make our First Confession. We lined up in the nearest seat to the confession box with Nell on the outside like a hen with chickens. The sacristy door opened and out came Fr Walsh with a purple stole around his neck as he walked to the confession box. 'I'll hear the children first' said he to the rows of adults waiting to clean their souls. Nell led us up to the door and opened it and ushered us in one by one. Soon it was my turn and as she closed the door behind me, I was left in the dark and I could barely make out the shutter that was about a foot above me. I heard the shutter closing at the far side then with a scraping noise above me the shutter opened. 'Welcome' my child said the priest as I rattled off 'bless me Father for I have sinned and this is my First Confession' followed by all my misdemeanours. 'I absolve you from your sins', said the priest. 'Now say two Hail Marys for your penance'. I blessed myself, made an Act of Contrition and left the box and went out and knelt down and did my penance. That was my Confession over and now I was ready to receive the body of Christ.

Shopping for the big day

A few months before the Communion we bought some bonhams from Mick Kiely in Knockateemore so that I would be kitted out well for the big day. Now they were getting fat so the body and soul were coming together. One morning in late April a lorry of squealing pigs pulled up outside the gate and our two bonhams were marched up the gangway to their doom. We had a new game now - watch the postman. A big long envelope duly arrived 'Clover Meats' said my mother as she tore it open. 'How much' said I excitedly. 'Eighteen pounds, they made grade A' she said. Now I'm

thinking we're on the pigs' back and I'll be dressed to the nines.

It was time to pump the old bike to go on a trip to Dungarvan to get the rigout for the big day. We arrived in The Square and I think it was the first time I was ever in town. 'We'll go into Goods' said my mother 'We'll get a good deal there'. I remember it was a large shop, painted black and stood on the corner of The Square and O' Connell Street. On the window there were models about my size dressed up from head to toe in new suits and wearing shiny shoes. 'Well,' said this man looking down at me over the counter 'What kind of suit would you like' 'One with big pockets' said I as I was thinking where I would put all the money! He pulled out a few suits and got me to try them on as my mother watched and I think she was keeping an eye on the price tags. 'That fits you well' said my mother 'we'll take that one' says she. 'Now we want a white shirt and a tie to go with it'. That was no problem as he had a big stock of them. Then he got me to try on some shiny shoes and walk around the shop. 'How do they feel' said the man as he felt the toe to see if my foot had enough room. 'They're grand' said I. 'Great then' said the man 'I'll throw in a pair of socks'. Then he opened a drawer and pulled out a white handkerchief and stuffed it into my top pocket. 'I could nearly stand you out in the window' said he as he gave a wry smile. One of the pigs was gone before we left that shop.

Finally…. It's Communion Day

'Tomorrow is your big day' said my mother 'run up around the corner to Jimmy Terry and ask him for a haircut. Tell him you're making your First Holy Communion' and sure enough Jimmy obliged. The galvanised bath was brought out into which I was put and scrubbed from head to toe. 'Off to bed now as we have an early start in the morning and don't eat a bite after twelve,' said my mother. Sunday morning, we were up early and all the family got dressed up for Mass. I took my suit from the hanger behind the door and got dressed. My father knotted my tie and my mother pinned a rosette with a holy medal. Which she had made out of white ribbon. 'The car is outside,' shouted my sister. We all ran out and climbed into the back seat and it was the first time any of us were in a motorcar. My mother had Jim Nolans' hackney hired to take us to Ballinroad and she knew Mickie Foley would give us all a ferry home on the Highway to Heaven.

I ran ahead into the Church as I didn't want to be late. Nell and some of the class were already in their place. I walked up the Church, genuflected and entered the other end of the seat getting an approving glance from Nell. The sacristy door opened and out came a half

dozen altar boys followed by Fr Walsh carrying the chalice with a sparkling green cloth covering it.

The congregation knelt down as the priest approached the altar and began Mass. He stood with his back to us and narrated in Latin as the altar boys rattled off the responses. As the Consecration came near, we got the nod from Nell to say Communion prayers as we knelt down and bowed our heads. The priest consecrated the bread and wine and held them aloft over his head at which point we struck our breast. Communion was coming up and we got another nod from Nell to start rolling our tongue around our mouths. One of the altar boys ran to get the patten as the priest turned around with the chalice saying 'we will have the Communion class first'. Nell got up and we all followed her up with hands joined to the altar rail and knelt down. Nell stood behind each one of us as the altar boy placed the patten under our chin. As the priest placed the host on our tongues saying 'Corpus Christie' we answered 'Amen'. We blessed ourselves and headed back to our seats still with hands joined reverently. Afterwards the priest congratulated us and said we were children of God and to keep Him in our lives by saying our prayers. By now my mind was wandering off as I was thinking of all the money I might get.

A well-earned breakfast!

Soon Mass was over and we filed out of the church passing King Gyppo who was selling The Sunday Press outside the gate. 'Come over here' someone shouted 'till I get a photograph'. We gathered at the corner of the graveyard Nell was waiting there and she gave us all a florin (two shillings). That was a good start! After the photograph an old woman dressed in black with a fox fur around her neck sidled up to me and pushed a threepenny bit into my hand saying 'you're a saint today boy. Say a prayer for me'. The Highway to Heaven was filling up with all the Ballinacourty patrons. As I went to climb aboard the back Mickie shouted 'You're not going in there. You're travelling in the cab today'. Opening the door, he helped me up on the soft seat while the rest of the family travelled in the back.

Once we were home the frying pan was loaded with rashers and put on the fire followed by a half dozen eggs. Now this was something we were not used to for breakfast! As I cut a lump out of the rasher, I thought for a moment about poor Pinkie (the name we had given to one of our pigs), but that thought didn't last long because I was hungry.

Gathering a just reward

Now it was time to go gathering! I got a couple of shillings from my uncles and with the new suit with the rosette on the lapel I headed off around the village.

It was important to wear the rosette so that people would know you had made your Communion. I was thinking a good place to go was down by Elsteds' pub where I might meet a few fellows going for large bottles or after large bottles their pockets might be a bit loose and I could gather up the odd sixpenny bit. Soon the big day was over and it was back to school in the morning. Nell was in top form saying we did her proud and she gave us a week off homework. We were only interested in inquiring how much did each other make? One of the girls said she got seventeen and sixpence. This was a lot of money. Me? I got eleven and eight pence and that's a lot of lucky bags at Maggie Dalton's shop in Dungarvan.

Late 1950's 1st Social in St. Laurence's Hall (Committee)
Back Thomas (Scottie) Hayes, Jimmy Coughlan, Dick Daly, Tommy Morrissey
Middle Jack Carlton, Dec Foley, Fr. Ml. Walsh CC, Jimmy Power, Jim Morrissey
Front Eileen Fitzgerald, Biddy Morrissey

1954 First Communion Ballinacourty National School
Back Mrs. Casey, Catherine O'Brien, Bridie Curran, Margaret Casey, Nell Power (NT),
Front Patricia Casey, Vera O'Brien, Bridget Curran, Pat McMahon, P.J. Barry, W. J. O'Connor.

1957 Wedding Day Mossie and Chrissie Terry

1954 On The Highway to Heaven - Ballinacourty NS Communion Day

Jack Elsted (on bike)..Christy (Gyppo) Power (with newspapers)
Truck Cab..Dec. Foley, Mickey Foley, Paddy Joe Barry, Willie Joe O Connor
On Truck (from back)..Scottie Hayes, Jimmy Gleeson, Martin Barry, Martin A. Barry,
Danny Barry,?, Joe Murray, Kitty O'Connor, Eileen O'Connor, Maggie Murray,
Noel Murray, Rena Norris
Middle of Truck (lower) ..Kathleen O'Connor, Margaret Barry,
Mary Barry, Catherine O'Brien, ?,?.

1950's Christmas party at Golf Club or Clonea

1st Row (back) Eddie Gough, Johnny Power, Dick Tobin, Dee, Willie Power, John Morrissey

2nd Row Tommy Treacy, Johnny Hogan. Dicky Curran, Deagie Terry, Michael Murray, Mickey Foley, Willie Treacy, Mikey Hogan, Jack Power, ?,?,?, Johnny Flynn, ?, ?, Fr. Michael Walsh CC

3rd Row Jack Elsted, David Murray, Paddy Foley, ?, Cissy Elsted, Mary Morrissey, Rena Norris, Teresa Morrissey, Mary Veale, Bridget Foley, Mary Murray, Catherine O'Brien, ?, Peggy Treacy, Chrissie Hogan, Sheila Monaghan

4th Row (front) Anthony Hayes, ?, Mary Ann Power, Kitty Foley, ?, Biddy Power, Alice Marie O'Connor, ?, Mallie Power, Mary Ann Carlton, ?.

1952 Ballinacourty NS Danny Barry,
Jack Elsted, Michael Kiely, Pakie Hogan

1950's Mary Frances, Gerard, Ann, Jim, Margaret,
Frankie and Jamie Ryan

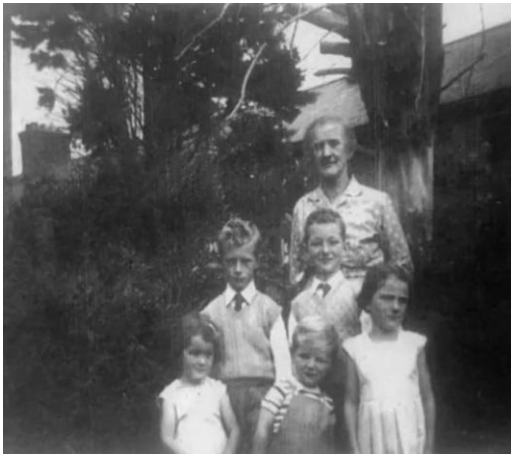
1950's Johnny Norris, Peggy Morrissey, Nellie, Paddy
and Seamus Norris,?, John Morrissey

1950's Paddy and Mickey Foley with Danny Barry

1950's May have been for farewell party for
Johnny Power who was going to Australia
Back Noel Power, Eileen Morrissey, Johnny Power,
Mickey Flynn, Johnny Morrissey.
Middle Declan Foley, Mickey Power, Gary Morrissey,
Gusty Foley, MaryAnn Power.
Two young girls were Clonea Hotel Staff.

1950's Back Breda Ahearn, Mickey Foley,
Jimmy Power, Nicholas Hayes, ? , Liam O'Dea,
Austin Flynn, Paddy Whelan, Deagie Terry,
Mick Burke.
Front Ann Simms, Kevin Dwane, ?, Liam and Jim Byrne

1950's Chrissie Hogan

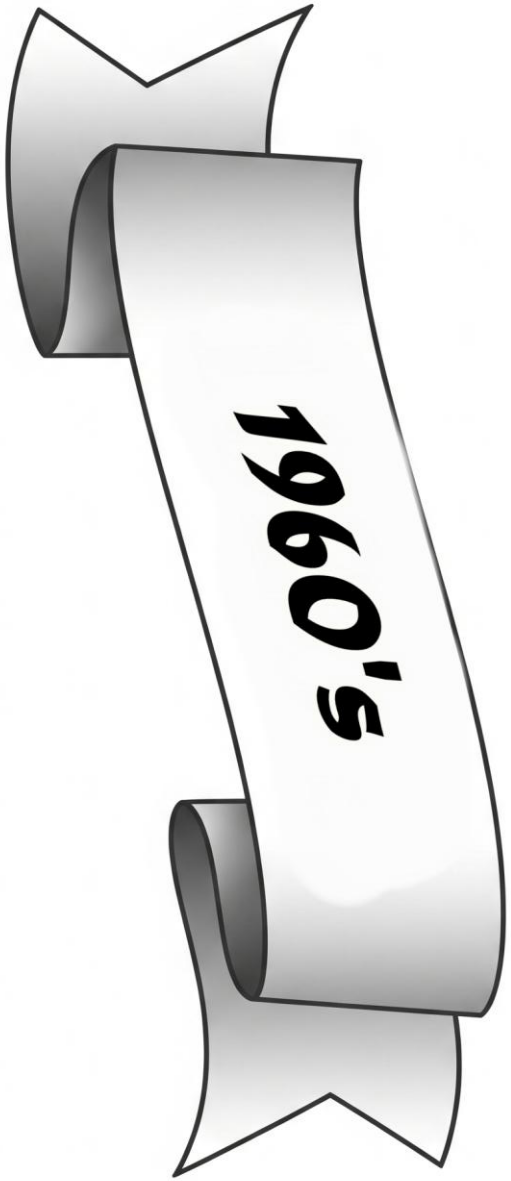


1950's Nora McGrath, Eamonn, Michael, Ann,
Jim and Margaret Ryan

1950's
Mary and John Morrissey

1954 Ballinacourty Junior Football

Back Jimmy Power, Danny O'Connor, Austin Flynn, Gusty Foley, Johnny Power, Jimmy Terry, H. Burke, Johnny Morrissey, J. Clancy, Tommy Parsons
Front Gary Morrissey, J. O'Connor, Johnny Hogan, Patcheen Whelan, Mickey Foley, Thomas Hogan, M. Farrell, Mikey Hogan


1960's

1960's

The 1960's saw a significant financial upward trend, particularly after the implementation of the First Programme for Economic Expansion.

The above led to increased employment opportunities even in rural areas where more people than ever had access to cars and motor cycles and of course the trusty Honda 50. Rising incomes and better access to goods and services, such as larger, more modern homes, contributed to a general improvement in living standards.

The last day of December 1961 saw the introduction of Telefís Éireann and by 1964, locally it was possible to rent a 19" TV set from RTV Rentals in Mary Street for 9 shillings 11 pence per week. Popular shows on a Saturday night included The Late Late Show, Sgt. Bilko, Rin Tin Tin and Mr. Ed., and School Around The Corner with Paddy Crosby.

However, home spun entertainment was also popular during the 1960s. In 1967 The Ballinroad Parish Hall Players opened their season with a three-act comedy, their production of 'The Men in Possession'. Some of the Ballinacourty people taking part were Jack Elsted, Moll Kiely, Ann Marie Morrissey and Paddy Daly.

1969 was a landmark year for the children of the area when it was announced that the Ballinacourty NS would be closing. Following its eighty-four-year life span, the school building was falling into greater disrepair; the heating difficulties along with other building issues may have been one of the reasons for its closure in 1969 and its amalgamation with Scoil Mhuire in Abbeyside. From then on, the local school children were bussed into Abbeyside for their primary education, which continues to this day.

In the late 1960's work started on the Quigley Magnesite Factory. It is reputed in 'School Days in Abbeyside' that while excavation work was carried out to build this factory, that the ruins of the home of Robert Lonergan/Longon, Justice of the Peace of County Waterford were unearthed. Courts may have been held there in a bygone century and thus evolved the name Baile-na-Cúirte (Ballinacourty). However, this historical fact faded from memory as numerous trucks and trains started arriving daily to build the factory and give much needed employment in the area.

Although downcast at the loss of its historic National School, as they approached the 1970's, Ballinacourty people appeared to have had a lot to look forward to with increased employment opportunities and an opening up in general of the conservative way of life that many generations before them had lived.

Growing up in Elsted's Pub

by the Elsted family

When we were growing up life in the pub was a busy one. We were a family of 8 children, 5 girls and 3 boys. There was always a big fire down, yet sometimes we went to bed with cold feet as the locals would be sitting at the fire. The girls often slept head to toe. When winter came, overcoats were added to the bedding. The fire was the only source of heat for the pub. It was also used for reddening the iron block that was inserted into the iron which was then used to iron our clothes. The washing was aired around the fire but it was swiftly removed when a customer for the pub arrived, especially as the pipe smokers would often sit at the fire with their plug of 'Bruno' tobacco. Others smoked cigarettes, Woodbines, Craven A., Sweet Afton and John Players.

Deliveries at the pub and shop were always looked forward to, the brewery lorry, the bread man and most especially the sweet man, who would always throw us a free lollipop. At Christmas time Mam sold big boxes of chocolates in the shop and the pictures on the cover were so fancy that some people framed them afterwards. As we all reached a certain age, we had to take turns in delivering the bread locally by bike and also collecting milk from local farmers.

We often went picking winkles, taking them home for Mam to cook. When cooked we used a pin to pick out the winkles from their shells, then we would all eat them. When local fishermen arrived back with their catch of fresh mackerel, they used to arrive into the bar with some and we would cook them. Everyone enjoyed a feed of them with fresh bread! The local farmers were very kind and generous to Mam, bringing her fresh cabbage, cauliflower, potatoes and fresh eggs including duck eggs. This was a custom in those days.

Back in the early 1960's we suffered the end of hurricane 'Debbie'. We sat inside on the deep windowsills looking out at the sea flowing past the Pub, down the steps at the front door and going out the back door. It was very scary! Luckily this didn't happen very often.

There was an occasion when some of the Clancy Brothers came across from Ring by boat to the Pub. They said they wanted to meet Peg (Clancy) Elsted as they had a sister Peg Clancy. Of course, they didn't leave without a song or two. On one occasion a fishing trawler came in under Ballinacourty Lighthouse. A group of fishermen arrived into the Pub. No one understood French, so a local

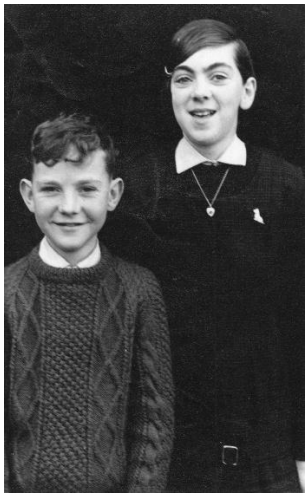
lady who could speak French was called upon to interpret.

Growing up we were never short of someone to play with and our playground was the Quarry and Pier. Regular activities in the Pub were; Rings in the Taproom, while darts and games of cards were played in the Bar. Our happiest memories were when some locals arrived home from England on holidays. This was always a fun time in the Pub with local musicians providing the music for singing and dancing. The darts mat was taken up to make space for the dancing. We were in awe of all the glamorous style from England. We always looked forward to those Hooleys!

Another great memory was when Ballinacourty won the County Intermediate Football Championship in 1965 beating Rathgormack 3 - 9 to 1 - 0. After this, Ballinacourty got promoted to the Senior Ranks for the first time in the Clubs history. Big celebrations continued into the night with a bonfire on the pier. Mam often reared pigs and fed them with slops from the bar. The following day after the celebrations the sow wasn't well. The Vet was called upon and his diagnosis was that the sow was drunk!

The Elsted name was over the door of the pub since 1913 when Mary and Jack Elsted took it over. Jack died in 1930; his wife Mary continued the running of the pub until 1954 when John and Peg Elsted took over the business. In July 1976 the pub was sold to Jimmy Mansfield and approx. one year later in 1977 it was sold to the Enright family who continued the traditions established by the Elsted family. Sadly in 1979 the thatch pub burned down. In 1980 the McGrath family bought the premises including the licence and developed it into The Gold Coast Hotel.

Early 1960's Group outside Elsteds
Back Tom (Butch) Kiely, Michael (Flash) Treacy,
Dick Joy, PJ Morrissey, Tom Dower, Paddy Daly, ?,
Paddy (Fadge) Carlton
Middle Margaret, Jack and Gail Elsted,
Monnie Fennell, Cait and Peg Elsted, Mike Treacy,
Winnie Conroy
Front Willlie Power, Anthony Hayes, ?,?,
Mary Ann Conroy, Breed Elsted,
Other Children unidentified



1960's Tony and
Breed Elsted

1960's Nell Norris
Communion

1963 Richie and
Barry Goode

1960's Michael Kiely, David Murray,
Sean O'Brien, Danny Barry, Jack Elsted
Front John Daly

1961 Ray O'Donoghue, PJ Dwane, David Murray,
Willie Power, PJ Morrissey, Tom (Butch) Kiely,
Paddy Flynn and Tony Elsted

1960 Mick Dwyer with Tommy and Mollie Coughlan

1961 Wedding Mary Elsted and Ernie Blackburn in UK
Bat Kiely, Billy Greenslade, John Elsted, Joe Griffin,
Seamus Norris, Tom Landers, Jack Elsted

1967 Claire Parkinson, Brigid Barry, Babs Kiely,
Cait Elsted, Eileen Higginbotham

1960's Wedding Day
Thomas and Mary Hogan

1964 Wedding Day
Seamus and Bridie Norris

The humble potato…… A mainstay in Ballinacourty

Ballinacourty was known for growing abundant cauliflower and cabbage, but as far back as 1921 'The Dungarvan Observer' wrote about growing potatoes in the area. Due to weather and pests, sometimes the cultivation of the crop was challenging. While according to the 'Observer' farmers may have had lingering doubts about some of the newer preventative measures; the exception was the spraying of potato about which they had been convinced early on and consequently reaped the rewards afterwards. However, as the years went by the farmers of Ballinacourty were never shy about adopting new methods as noted by Eddie Cantwell; where the crop has evolved from setting and harvesting by hand to using machines to do both as well as in the latter years of growing potatoes under plastic.

From the small beginnings of growing potatoes, it became the mainstay of farming in the area from the 1950's to the 1980's. In sheds across farms in the area, seed potatoes were first put into sprouting boxes, alongside long fluorescent bulbs that blazed day and night to encourage them to sprout. An early start in setting the seed potatoes was very important and many wanted to have the first seed in the ground by St. Patrick's Day. If you didn't have them in by then the clock was ticking as there was always friendly rivalry as to who would have the first early potato in the shops.

Over the years the area made a name for itself for its crops of potatoes so that during harvest time there was plentiful seasonal employment available. For the pickers, it was back breaking work picking into the Kish (wired tall basket) or bucket and then tipping it into a 4 stone bag topped off with stalks to keep the potatoes cool. Being 'a runner' for the lads in the field still stands out in the memory of Mossie Norris. He would be sent over to Elsteds for cigarettes or ice cream and often on his return the older men would let him keep the change.

Although the workers were tired after work, as Mike Norris recalled soccer games were often played after a hurried dinner or late into the evening. Improvisation was the order of the day often with jumpers and open doors of sheds used as goal posts. Also, if the farmer had to be away from the field for even a short period of time, then the craic would start! Spuds would fly across the field trying to hit its target and hopefully connect with another picker. Some were very good marksmen as noted by Alan Phelan who recalls while working in the fields being hit at speed on the forehead by a mouldy old spud!

For many it was their first job and the memory of that first pay still lingers with Tim Smith who recalled earning his first 10-shilling note at Norris's in the 1950's. Gerald Hallahan remembers from the 1960's having to walk from Dungarvan to Ballinacourty each day before starting work at the Daly and Morrissey farms. Hungry pickers had to be fed; the mainstay being bacon and cabbage, mackerel when in season and sometimes a chop if you were lucky. Mary Terry recalls being on holiday with the Norris family and helping out feeding the many pickers during her stay. Nell Norris would bring the 4 o'clock tea with bread and jam to the fields. The tea was a 'one size fits all' with milk and sugar already added!

Some of the potatoes were sold locally as Claire Foley remembers delivering for her dad Dec in Dungarvan. However, the majority were loaded onto trucks and vans that came from as far afield as Cork, Limerick, Tipperary, Waterford and Kilkenny. For the pickers the day wasn't over until the 4st bags were lifted by the ton onto the awaiting trucks to be dispatched across the South of Ireland to their eagerly awaited customers. On one occasion this led to the topic of potatoes coming up in the most unusual place. Tim Foley recalled that in an interview for the Army Cadets, the uniformed panel enquired 'how are the potatoes this year in Ballinacourty?' Certainly, a great ice breaker for any nervous interviewee.

Although the heyday of the humble potato is well and truly gone in Ballinacourty, it still lingers in the memory of some. To this day, for Eileen Foley and many more from the area, in explaining to people where they were from will often elicit a response 'oh I picked spuds in Ballinacourty!'

1960's
Eddie Elsted

1960's Christy Dunford, Jim Sheehan, Sean O'Brien, Tommy Keating, Mikey Hogan
Front Vera Walsh, Nellie Morrissey, Tom Curran, Norah Kiely and Kathleen Landers

Spud Picking

by Ann Marie Foley

His straw hat heralded the arrival of the summer and the potato picking season and it was shelved at the end of the season when the bags of winter vegetables were delivered to the Parish Hall for the annual Bring and Buy sale. The hat always came from Mrs Gordon's and the opening of her seaside shop in Clonea also marked the start of summer. No doubt she discounted the 'tourist' price for him.

Mickey Foley was known far and wide for both the hat and potatoes. Also, for the fact that these and cabbage and cauliflower were often delivered to town in the family car. This was fine for us children when station wagons were the vehicle of choice, but not so in later years when as teenagers we had to cram into a tiny Suzuki with bags of spuds or cabbage – or worst of all onions.

Born in 1924 and one of 11 children, Mickey worked on the family farm, which had produced potatoes for generations. His brothers Martin and Paddy also worked on the farm while Tommy and Declan, (known as Decky), distributed the early potatoes to Limerick, Waterford and Dungarvan. There would often be eight workmen at the table at dinnertime – half of them Foleys, and pig's head was regularly on the menu.

Market gardening in Ballinacourty depended on the local sandy soil and the spreading of seaweed gathered on the local strand. This was the cause of many a heated dispute as each neighbour laid claim to their own patch of seaweed on the strand during the winter.

Over the decades, dozens of youngsters from the area and nearby Abbeyside and Dungarvan had summer jobs picking potatoes. Down the years, in cities at home and abroad, on meeting a Dungarvan native, the chat would often turn to spud picking days in Ballinacourty.

As children of the family, we had our own memories of those days. Spud picking guaranteed us, and our many cousins, a summer job. No matter how young we were, there was always some job we could do from handing around the empty paper sacks, to fetching bottles of cold water for the workers. When it got too hot and heavy there were always potatoes to be weighed in the cool of the shed. In the evening there was a ride home on top of the bags of spuds piled three high on the trailer drawn home by the tractor.

Looking back, it seems as if the sun was always shining. The swim after work in the evening washed away the dust and the tiredness and

there was always the energy to head for the pier at the Point (Gold Coast) to fish for crabs and watch the boats come in. Mackerel was freely given and received and was perfect with new potatoes.

Now each year as the butter melts on the first plate of new potatoes I always remember how in late May or early June dad would bring home the first 'butt' of spuds. If they were fit, the season would begin. The test involved the very scientific boiling of the spuds and eating them on their own with butter and a sprinkle of salt. Dad would always say: "Go mbeirimid beo agus slán ar an am seo arís" (May we live to see this time again) as we all tucked in.

I also recall the cheeky rhyme that we used to say in a Cork accent:

> How are the praties? Big and small.
> How do you eat them? Skin and all.

Potatoes, cabbage and cauliflower were the main vegetables grown but in the 70's and 80's new crops were trialled including peas which lasted only one season. Onions were grown successfully for some years but could not compete with the large Spanish onions that came with Ireland joining the EEC as it was called back then. The potato harvester, a big leap forward from the digger, was also tested. Irrigation arrived in Ballinclamper and depended on the Quigley Magnesite water pipe which passed through the farm land.

At the peak of the season, usually in early June, several tons of potatoes in four stone bags left the farm and those of up to half a dozen neighbour's every day. The area was known far and wide for early potatoes. Looking back, it seems that Mickey's time in market gardening was something of a golden age when Ballinacourty and surrounds was defined by this thriving industry.

1960's Planting Cauliflower/Cabbage
Dick Hanrahan (on tractor),?,?,?, Richie Hanrahan (on planter), and Gerard Daly (child standing)

1962 John B. Daly
outside his house

1960 Will Tracy and
Tom (Butch) Kiely

1960's Kathleen, Margaret,
Martin A. and PJ Barry

1960's Maureen Moloney

1960's Tom Dower, Peg Elsted
and John Murray

1960's Mickey, Mollie, and Babs Kiely, Cait Elsted, Moll Kiely, and Eileen Hayes

1960's Pat Flynn

1969 Confirmation Bishop Russsell, Nell, Paddy, Mossie, Mary and Mike Norris.

1960's Ned O'Connor and Pat Norris

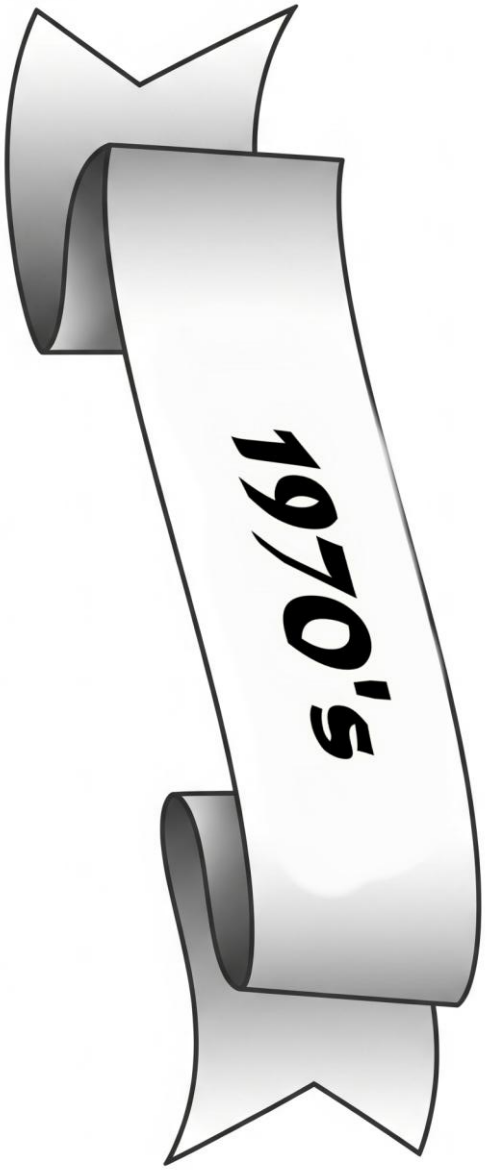
1969 Ballinacourty National School

4th Row (Back) Johnny Foley, Joe Daly, Barry Goode, Billy Daly, Mike Norris, Gerard Daly, Mossie Norris, Jim Ryan Tony Elsted, Mary Morrissey.

3rd Row Veronica Barry, Caroline Terry, Bernie Hanrahan, Bernie Morrissey, Mary Hanrahan, Josephine Dunphy, Theresa Barry, Ann Ryan, Susan Cashman (NT)

2nd Row Martin Ryan, James Morrissey, Marty Foley, Kevin Barry, John Morrissey, Frankie Ryan, Timmy Foley, Gerard Ryan, Pat Flynn

1st Row Theresa Goode, Ursula Daly, Ann-Marie Foley, Mary Norris


1970's

1970's

Once the 1970's commenced Ballinacourty residents were beginning to live a life different than that of their forefathers before them.

In 1970 Dungarvan Golf Club made a strategic acquisition, purchasing the land at Ballinacourty where its course was situated. Several years afterwards the club also acquired the former Ballinacourty National School which is adjacent to the course.

On 8th June 1975 St. Laurence's Youth Club was officially launched which gave many young people from Ballinacourty a new opportunity and the experience of organised events in a wider community setting. The teenagers walked, cycled and if they were lucky got a lift to St. Laurence's Hall in Ballinroad where much fun was enjoyed as well as making lifelong friends.

However, during this period the troubles in Northern Ireland cast a shadow over the whole land.

Ireland entered the European Economic Community (EEC) in 1973, which initially brought increased agricultural subsidies but ultimately exposed the sector's dependence on external support.

While traditional farming continued, there was an increasing adoption of new technologies and farming methods, influenced by government initiatives and European directives. This marked the end of an era with the wane of the old Ballinacourty and the emergence a newer type community which was characteristic of social, cultural, economic and political developments. However, by the end of the decade, farming was in trouble and would never be the same again.

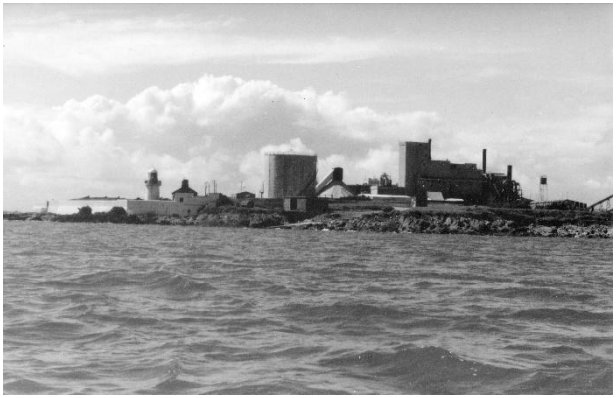
However, work had started on the Quigley Magnesite Factory in the late 1960's and it was hoped that this would help stabilise the financial fortunes of the locality into the 1970's.

Early construction work at Quigley Magnesite

Danny Barry at construction work at Quigley Magnesite

Quigley Magnesite was opened in 1970 by John A. Mulcahy, an emigrant to the USA with Dungarvan roots. Work started some years previously both on the factory and its spur railway line (by CIE) to Bennetsbridge in Kilkenny. The factory produced magnesite for which seawater (salt) was a critical component. At the time magnesite was used for the production of bricks for heavy duty furnaces. Early on in its lifespan, the factory was sold on to Pfizer.

Although the work was hard, throughout its short but memorable lifetime, many good times were had by employees when day trips by train were taken with their families to Dublin Zoo and to Bray. Employing up to 150 at its busiest time, the factory sadly closed down in 1982 when raw materials and production costs could be accessed more cheaply in the Far East. It was a huge financial loss to its staff (many of whom were locals) as well as the whole economy of Dungarvan.



1970's (pic.taken from the sea) Quigley Magnesite at full production

1970's Michael Daly and Eddie Stack having a chat between Dolomite and Magnesite Kilns

A walk-through Quigley Magnesite in the 1970's

by Willie Joe O'Connor

'Where are you off to?' asked **Jack McCarty** as I made my way through the factory gate in Ballinard. I'm going down to the workshop to meet **Eddie Prunty**. He wants a bit of welding done on the coolers on the kiln platform. As I stroll down from the gate **Mickie Killigrew, Dinny O'Brien** and **Mick Hickey** are cutting the high grass on the side of the thickeners. 'Who are Kilgobinet playing tonight?' I shout out to Mick, 'Modeligo' he shouts back 'who'? I asked again 'John Troy's' team he replied. As I neared the workshop, I'm met by the two shop stewards **Mick Kelly** and **Jimmy Breen** asking for my union card. 'I haven't it with me' I replied. 'Ah we're only having you on we know you have one' they said with a laugh.

'Come on' said Eddie 'we'll have a look at this job'. Climbing up the gangway we pass the shovel gang, **Tommy Coughlan, Eddie Meehan, Mickie Kiely** and **Paddy Pender** cleaning down the steel steps. 'There's a crowd of blackguards working down here' says Eddie as we near the platform 'when you walk underneath give it a wide berth or you could get a bucket of water down on your head'. Sure, enough when I saw who was there, **Bobby Buckley, Larry Curran, Frankie Ryan** and **John Beatty** I knew where he was coming from. 'Do you see that crack on that bracket. I want that welded up and I'll send **Jack Donohue** down to you when he finishes his sandwiches. Jack could weld the arse of your pants' said Eddie with a smile. We walked down the stairs keeping an eye out for anyone with a bucket. 'Mind that drain there' said Eddie 'the grids are off it'. Sure, enough **Tom Curran** and his crew of **Tom Casey, Attie Kelly** and **Joey Moroney** were shovelling the caked mud into the bucket of the digger driven by **Sean Lonergan**. When it was full it would be emptied into the skip of **Tom Troy's** tractor to be dumped over in **Jim Morrissey's** quarry.

Walking up the yard we passed **Mick Egan** and **Joe Power** staring up at Dolly searching for a hot spot where the brick's might be going. A hot spot meant a shutdown and a few ghosters renewing the bricks. Mick and Joe did most of the brickwork in the kiln, long nights and double bubble. Joe captained the victorious Ballinacourty Football team and was now a brickie.

Returning to the main workshop we passed the smaller workshop at the side. The door was open and **Paul Daly** and **Benny Shields** were putting back together the engine of a little dumper that they had repaired. 'Go into

the store' said Eddie and get a box of welding rods from **Jack Elsted** or **Danny Barry** whichever one is in there and I'll get **Pats Moroney** to tow down the welder for you'. I got set up and started welding away waiting to be joined by Jack. 'Are you falling asleep in there' came the voice from behind me what's Eddie on about now I thought turning I spotted the tall figure of **Murty Concannon** standing out in the platform who could mimic Prunty's voice to a tee!

Hunger was setting in so I headed up to the canteen and **Austie Foley** passed me down with **Maura Goode** and **Kitty O'Connor** in the van on their way to clean the offices. The canteen was packed and **Nicolas Terry** who was chief cook and bottle washer was holding court. Referring to me 'Make room there for this vagabond', says Nick,' I'll give him some sustenance'. Placing a plate of spuds, meat, vegetables in front of me saying 'I'll give you **Roddy Mulcahy's** dinner, I was keeping it hot for him. If he comes, I'll tell him a better man ate it if he says anything' said Nick with a grin and was never short of a word. With that **John Power** put his head in the door and called **Noel Casey** saying 'will you get the van and go up and collect **Paddy Walsh** as he's on call I need to change a few motors and need a fitter to give **Jim Conroy** and **Eddie Stack** a hand'.
Heading back to the workshop to join up with Jack I see **Ned Murray** and **Richard Keane** are servicing a large pump in the middle of the floor as **Pat Dwyer** does sentry duty at the door. We head back to the kiln platform to be met by **Bob O'Brien** and **Pat O' Connor** who had taken over in the change of shift and that didn't mean you wouldn't get a shower if you walked in the danger zone. The fact that they had blue overalls wouldn't save you!

Maggie and *Dolly* had come to a halt and the shutdown had begun, the bricks had given way in *Dolly* and the twelve-hour shifts had started. It's now eight o'clock in the evening and Jack said 'we have enough done for today. We'll leave a bit for tomorrow'. As we head up to clock out, **Danny Pender** is opening the gate for a John A. Wood lorry driven by **Stylo Riordan** coming to empty the dust hopper under Dolly.

Early next morning the car park was a hive of activity as cars arrived from all directions loaded with fellows eager to get stuck in to all the maintenance that had to be done. Mick Kelly and Jimmy Breen were up at the main gate checking Radley's men for cowboys; they all passed but one was sent down to **Dr. Pickering** for a medical. Pats Moroney was shifting pallets of bricks on the forklift to the end of Dolly where Mick Egan, Joe Power and **Peter Truman** were clearing out the burnt-out bricks. Down at the loading conveyor belt for the train, **Paddy Joe Ryan** and his crew of the

Gent O'Brien and **Tommy Keneally** were being entertained by **Sean Hallahan**. They were shovelling up a few ton of Magnesite that had spilled from one of the wagons as the hatch was not fully closed. The majority of the yarns they had could not be repeated!

Heading up for the ten-o clock break **Jim Colbert** had the jib of his 1RB crane poised over the main conveyor holding the large belt as **Eddie Fitzgerald** and **John Mansfield** vulcanized it together. Tea break over and we're back at the coolers Bob and Pat are now were joined by **Tony Dunford** and **Johnny Norris** on the platform. Eddie was right about where the blackguards worked! **Matt McGee** and his apprentice **Barry Goode** had the main panel opened and were replacing some parts. **Tom Shanley** comes into the small workshop and calls Benny and Paul to help them start the engine in the steel boat as **Mickie Dripping** and himself wanted to go out to the island in the thickeners to check the electric motor and the arms of the mixers. When they arrive back Tom calls **Conor French** and his apprentice **Tony Elsted** and tells them about a job to be done on the island.

It's Friday morning and as it's a church holiday, **Joan Coffey** is an hour late as she had to attend Mass. **Margaret Fitzgerald, Teresa O'Connor and Breed Elsted** are already at their desks totting up the hours and handing them over to **Tom McShane** who was folding the notes and slipping them into each pay-packet and writing the name of the man who had worked for the cause. It's four o clock and the shift workers who are off arrive to collect their wages. **Sean Wall** kisses his wage packet and shouts across to **Eugene Dwane** and **Clagga Clancy** saying 'I'll see ye at the Coast for a game of cards and a few pints'. 'I'm on' says Clagga 'but I'm going home at six o'clock'. It's now five o'clock and the rest of the workers are queuing up outside the gate hut and out comes Tom McShane with his wooden box of money and takes over the gate hut. The men file through, clock out and collect the fruits of their labour. **Nicholas Terry** hops into John Power's car and **Tommy Treacy** shouts 'hang on John I'll take lift to town with you' as he climbs into the back. The shutdown was over but Jack turns to me saying 'we might as well stay until eight and get the extra few hours.

The sun is going down as we stroll up to the clock, *Maggie* and *Dolly* start to turn slowly as they heat up and the smoke starts to rise from the two chimney stacks and float over the lighthouse. My mind wandered back to when *The King* christened this village The Gold Coast. Sadly he didn't live to see the gold the factory brought to all the houses in the place, he would have been in his element. We no longer depended on the Epicure!

1978 Quigley Magnesite staff and friends, train trip to Bray

Family names of some of those in photo ..Beresford, Burke, Casey, Clancy, Dwane, Dwyer, Egan, Elsted, Griffin, Hallahan, Hogan, Kelly, Kenneally, Kirwan, McShane, Meehan, Moloney, Monaghan, Murray, Norris, O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Daly, O'Donoghue, O'Keeffe, O'Shea, Palmer, Power, Pender, Price, Shepherd, Shields, St. John, Stack, Treacy, Truman, Wall, Walsh, Watson

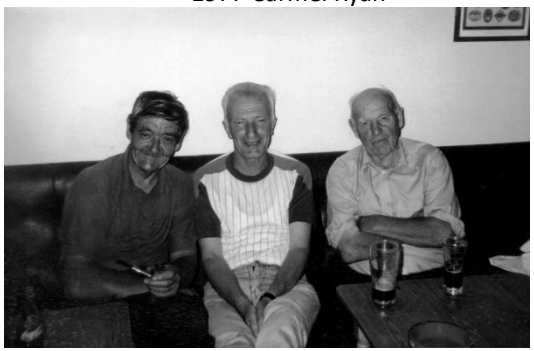
1976 Wedding Day Liam and Josephine Morrissey

1970's Marty, John and Tim Foley

1970's Teresa, Kevin, Brigid and Veronica Barry

1977 Carmel Ryan

1970s Paddy Norris with Goddaughter Libby Ryan



1970's Tommy Treacy, Eddie Meehan,
and Tommy Coughlan

Approx 1975 Ballinroad ICA Social (many Ballinacourty ladies in pic.)

Back Peggy Hanrahan, Mary Looby, Abbie Morrissey, Nancy Daly, Gertie Hayes, Peggy Sullivan, May Power, Mary Kiely, ?, Hannah Walsh, ?, Sally Walsh, Birdie Crowley, Ann Elsted, Eileen Kennedy, Eileen Veale.

Middle Kathleen Murray, Margaret Cunningham, Joan Hogan, Mary B. Hanley, Mary Cambell, Geraldine Monaghan, Aine Cambell, Peg Elsted, Mary Fraher, Margaret Foley.

Front Joan Coffey, Mollie Finn, Peggy Moloney, Sheila Monaghan, Kitty Foley, Peggy Morrissey, Margaret Butler, Catherine Hayes, Sally Kiely.

1978 Jimmy Terry, Mickey Foley, Brendan Ffrench, Sean O'Brien, Johnny Enright and Mossie Terry

1970s Bishop Ml. Russel, Caroline, Mossie & Jimmy Terry. Mary Norris, Maurice & Chrissie Terry, Moll Shields, and Paddy Connors

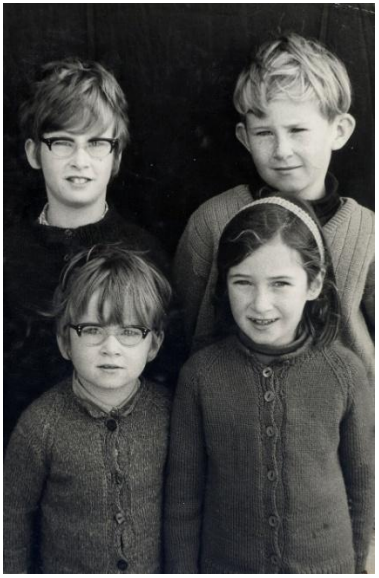
1970's
Finnuala Ryan

Late 1970's – early 1980's Kitty Barry with her six daughters Mary, Veronica, Kathleen, Brigid, Theresa, Margaret

1978 Pat, Christina, Johnny, Noreen, John and Shirley Flynn

April 1972 in Ballinroad, Joe Power on Mickey Kiely's tractor, John Veale and Tommy Treacy, on planter, early spud setting

1970's Caroline and Maurice Terry



1970's Ann Marie, Martin, Sheila and Eileen Foley

1970's Wedding Day Kitty Wall (nee Foley) with her 7 brothers Paddy, Mickey, Martin, Sean, Gusty, Declan and Tommy Foley

1977 At the Mall Waterford City with Mayor Wm. Keneally
Michael (Dixie) Power, Jim Ryan, Timmy Foley, Gerry Looby, Jim Sheehan, Eamonn Coughlan, Ray Treacy, Pat Flynn, Edward Moore, Johnny Foley, Kathleen Morrissey, Caroline Terry, Mossie Norris, Breed Drohan, Tony Clarke.

This picture may have been from the trusty camera of the late Rory Wyley. The occasion was a fundraising relay race for Sports Facilities at St. Laurence's Hall, Ballinroad. Six participants were representatives of both St. Laurence's Youth Club and Abbeyside Athletic Club. The race to Ballinroad was completed in 2hrs 40 mins. Guests Eamon Coughlan and Ger Deegan. Tony Ryan, Jim Sheehan and Ray Treacy accompanied them for the first twelve miles and for the finishing two miles home.

Abbeyside / Ballinacourty GAA Club

Long before the club was formally established, hurling and football were played on streets and in fields throughout the parish. Practice in Ballinacourty was in right hand side in Ballinclamper.

Early records show that Abbeyside first fielded a championship hurling team in 1927 and Ballinacourty became established as the home of Gaelic football in the parish in 1947 having been preceded by Ballinroad, The Pike and Ballycoe. Tony Elsted tells of an interesting background to the Ballinacourty Club. In 1947, after a chat in Elsteds' Pub, locals decided to start the Ballinacourty Football Club. Needing jerseys, they approached the recently folded Ring Football Club. John Elsted, Tom (Butch) Kiely and Gusty Foley rowed to Ring and secured the green and white jerseys. Colours still worn by Ballinacourty to this day. In the early years for some time Ring players joined Ballinacourty by boat.

Following the establishment of a united parish club in 1967 Abbeyside/Ballinacourty GAA was formed. It was decided that all hurling teams would play under the name of Abbeyside and wear blue and gold jerseys. All adult football teams were to have the name Ballinacourty and continue to the wear green and white jerseys. Many club developments have taken place since the amalgamated club was first formed. However, for Ballinacourty people, forever etched in their memory was the landmark win at the 1978 County Senior Football Final under Captain Joe Power. **Ballinacourty** 0 - 13 **Clashmore** 2 – 4

In the early 2000s a new club crest was developed showing the images of Abbeyside Church and Ballinacourty Lighthouse with a hurler as well as a footballer wearing their respective colours. The club's name as Gaeilge, Dún na Mainistreach / Baile na Cúirte, adorns the top and bottom of the central image.

1978 Ballinacourty County Senior Football Champions

Back Rogie Cashin, John Dwyer, Nicky Cashin, Jim Kiely, Liam O'Connor, Michael Hanrahan, Micheál Flynn, Kieran Quinn, Richie Hanrahan, John Moloney, Gerry Looby, Ivor Gordon.

Middle Gavin Foley, Felix Shields, Aidan Barron, Jim 'Tiger' Kiely, Michael O'Connor, Joe Power (Capt.), Johnny Burns, Eddie Cashin, Pat Enright, Tony Mansfield (Manager).

Seated Marty Kiely, Monnie Lennon, Michael Fraher, Seamus Fitzgerald, Larry Cliffe

Late 1970's Parish Group at Lawlor's Hotel

Back Moll Shields, Breed Dunford, Babs Murray, Jimmy Fraher, Eddie Meehan, Tommy Treacy.

Middle Peg Elsted, Mollie Kiely, Maura Simms, Mickey Foley.

Front Mary Fitzgerald, Mary Fraher, Teresa O'Brien, Kitty O'Connor, Josie Gough, Noreen Flynn, Mary Murray

EPILOGUE

It's hard to believe that 45 years have passed since the end of the 1970's and how so much change could have taken place in the intervening years in such a small hinterland as Ballinacourty. In that time, what was once a somewhat cut off rural area is now almost an urban landscape with many houses built on land that farmers once cultivated and where children played, ran across ditches and fields with their friends.

Quigley Magnesite had for a number of years changed the fortunes of many in the local area. Its closure was much lamented but it left behind a legacy of memories some of which are recorded in this book. Since then, the further development of the Golf Course on the former factory grounds into a championship parkland course and the subsequent Gold Coast Golf and Leisure Hotel is surely one to envied by many counties. The development of the old Quigley rail track into an extension of the Waterford Greenway now brings tourists right into the heart of Ballinacourty at Ballinard which can only be positive news for the local area.

Where once Wyse's pier formed a critical backdrop for those eking a living from fishing, many now gather for leisure. Be that to swim, surf or just to rest a while and appreciate the beauty of the maritime landscape. Through social media Ballinacourty has become famous for its fantastic sunsets, pictures of which have found their way around the world. Ballinacourty Lighthouse also has its own inherent beauty. Although the main house now is a private residence, the lighthouse itself has retained its charm and connection to those who have lived some if not all of their adult lives away from the area and one which still holds a place dear to their hearts.

Many of those pictured in this book have gone to their eternal reward. However, their memory lives on in the current generation. Wherever we now live in the world, it's incumbent on us to remember them by carrying their spirit forward into 2025 and beyond. Surely, there is no higher honour than this; to remember the sacrifices and memories made throughout the generations where in a close-knit community, they raised and educated their children, worked the land amongst family and friends. The legacy of their beloved Ballinacourty lives on in each one of us.

Acknowledgements

They say 'it takes a village to raise a child' and it took at least that to write this book! My huge thanks must go firstly to Breed (Elsted) Dunford and Johnny Foley. Over the past few months hundreds of texts must have passed between Breed and myself. Late at night if my phone pinged more than once, I always knew it was her. 'Have you seen this picture? X sent me this picture; do you have it already? On the other hand, if I wanted unknown people in a picture identified, I knew if I sent it on to Breed, she would know to whom to send it or who to ask in her myriad of Ballinacourty contacts. Her constant support was invaluable in putting this book together. Johnny Foley too was an enormous help. Without his renowned photographic expertise, it would not have been possible to bring this book to life with its many beautiful black and white photos displayed across its pages. For those who contributed poems and articles; Danny Barry, Mary Higginbotham, Willie Joe O'Connor, John Daly, Ann Marie Foley, The Elsted Family, Christina Marrocco, and Thomas Hogan many thanks as your contributions have greatly enhanced this publication.

Unsurprisingly, this book went through a few drafts before the final draft was settled on! My gratitude to Finbarr Keohan for proof reading and for his insightful observations and eagle eyes that picked up things even the spell checker missed!

My thanks must also go to the many 'Ballinacourty Times Past' FB followers both at home and worldwide. On many occasions they too helped out in identifying someone in a picture, contributed a story from their childhood in Ballinacourty or from their time picking spuds.

For those who attended our get together in the Gold Coast at the start of the summer, many thanks too. On the day, numerous people brought along family photo albums which were then scanned. Some real gems of photos were revealed, thus enabling them to be included in this book. Thanks also to Tomás Walsh and Bob O'Brien who shared their Ballinacourty photo collections for this book.

Finally, much appreciation to my better half John Lawless, who's never ending curiosity about historical research enabled what was happening within Ireland form a backdrop to each decade. His willingness day or night to 'fix' the many IT crisis helped greatly in getting this book into its current format.

Mary Norris
Sept. 2025

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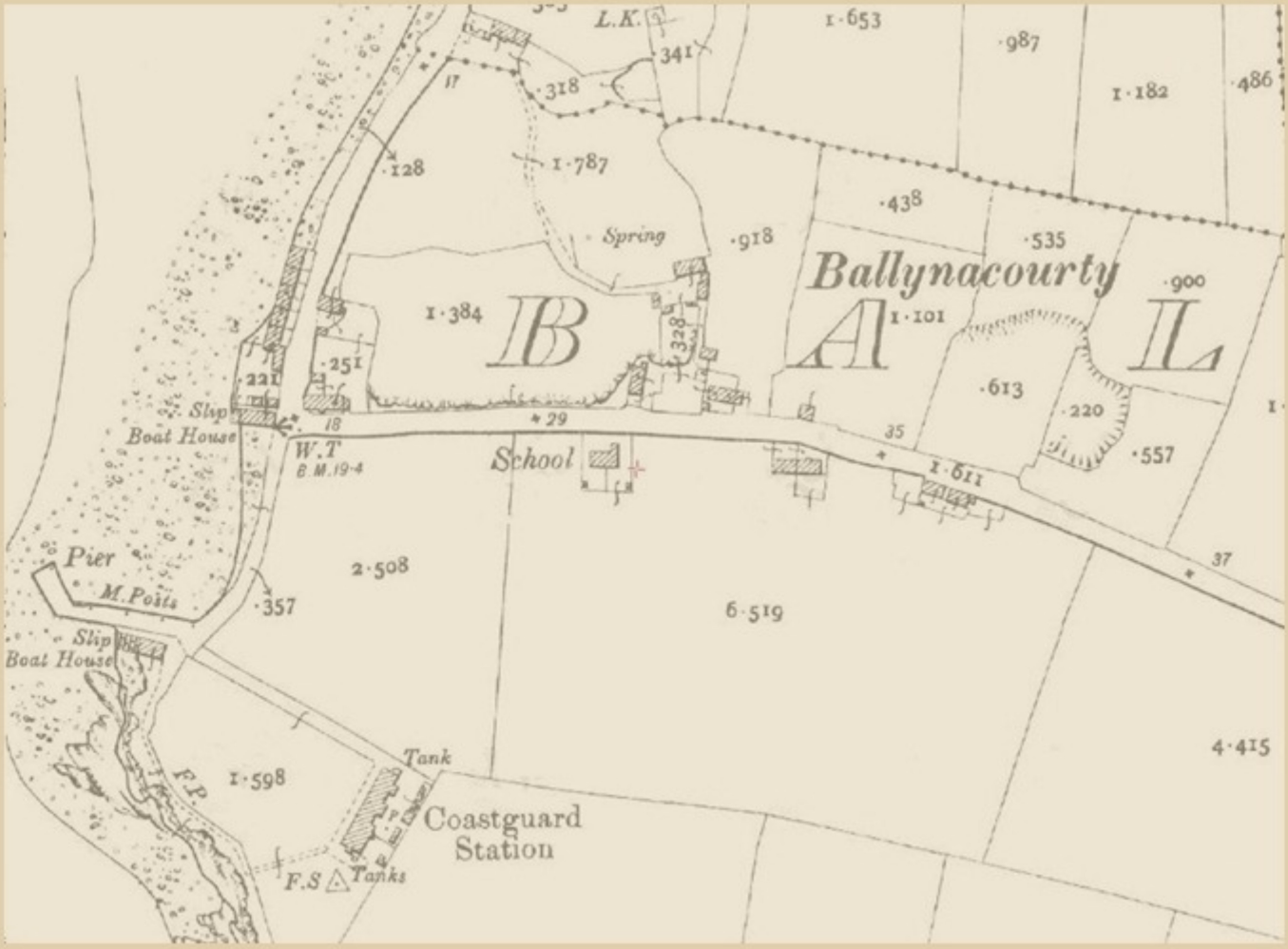

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